

CHICAGO

14

The Seer

1914

First Edition



ANNUAL YEAR BOOK OF CLARKE
MEMORIAL COLLEGE

Dedication

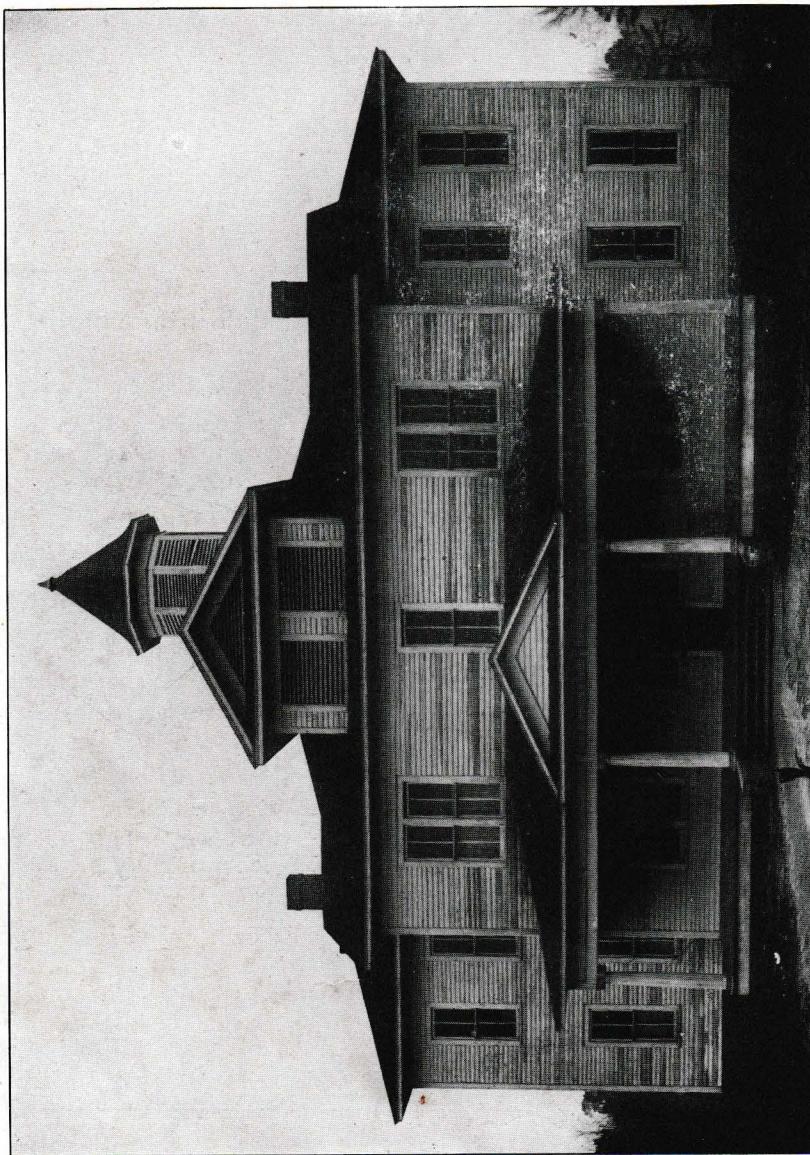
To Our President, Dr. M. O. Patterson

Whose untiring efforts led our school into a broader field of usefulness, and who is looking with anxious solicitude upon our efforts to make this publication good, this the first volume of THE SEER is lovingly dedicated.



MIKE O. PATTERSON, D. D.

Led his class through high school, led his class through Mississippi College, and led his class through the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Thus, while winning his bachelor's degree from college and his doctor's degree from the Seminary, he formed that habit of leading which has equipped him for the task of leading us as president of the school.



COLLEGE CHAPEL.

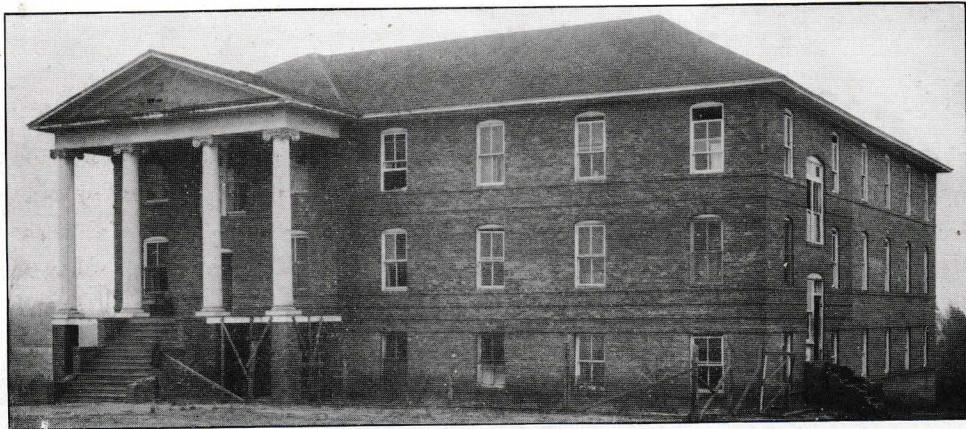
Foreword

When the Baptist State Convention of Mississippi adopted Clarke College it became the baby in the Mississippi Baptist family of schools. The baby is growing apace, and has cut a tooth already. This first is a wisdom tooth, or an eye tooth, we do not know just which. We have named this little toothy **THE SEER**. We take courage from the start it has made, realizing that its period of greatest usefulness lies in the future.

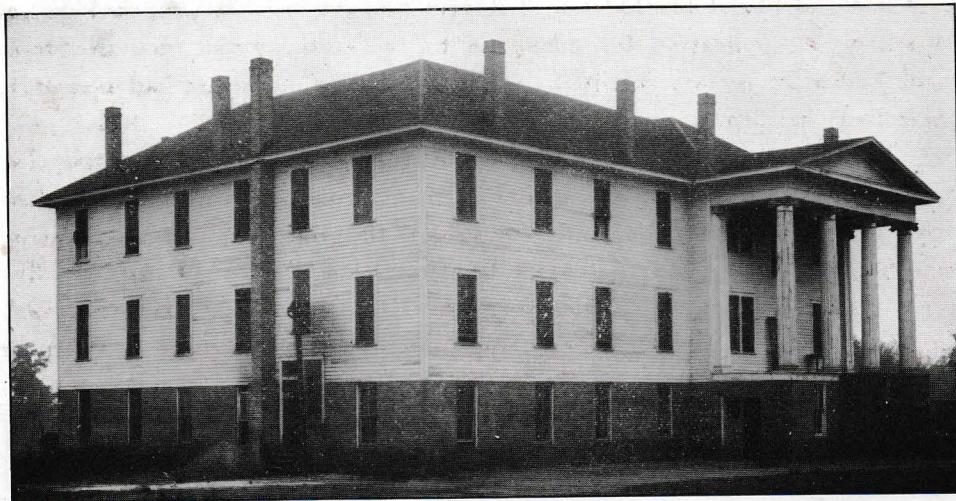
Friends, did you ever undertake to do a thing you did not know a thing about? Well, such has been our plight in our task of playing dentist to this tooth. But for the aid of those who believed that we would somehow get through it, we might have despaired.

We rest at this juncture, and wait to see if perchance the tooth will not strike its roots deep into the blood and bone and flesh and marrow of the baby's life. And while we wait, we give greeting, thanks and a hearty "God bless you" to all the friends through whose efforts we have been enabled to work this beginning.

EDITORS.



BOYS' DORMITORY.



GIRLS' DORMITORY.

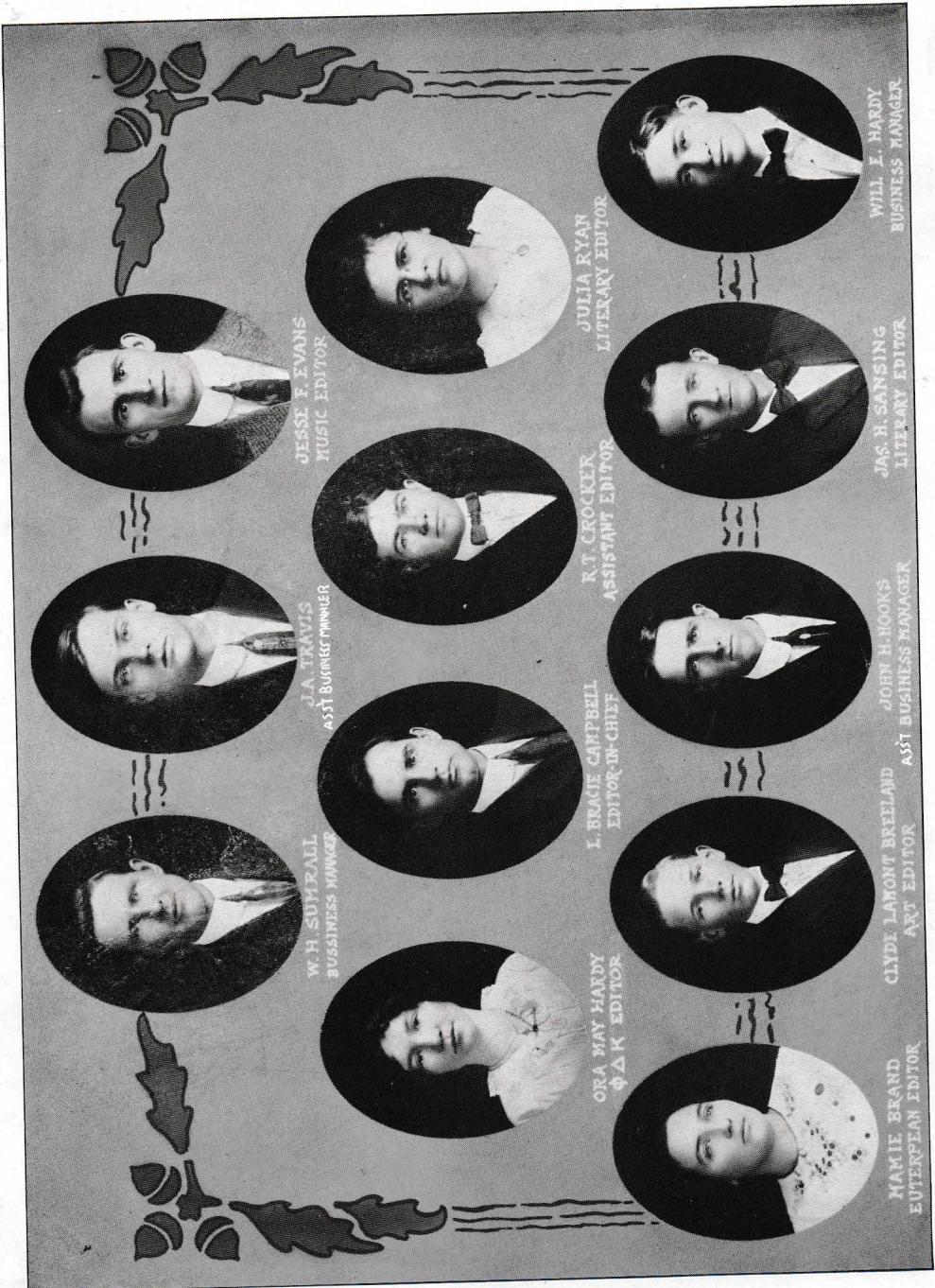
College History

In October, 1907, Clarke Memorial College was established under the auspices of the Baptist General Association of Mississippi. The college was controlled for six years by a Board of Trustees appointed by the General Association. During these years the college has passed through numerous times of trial, but its greatest difficulties have now been met and it is entering upon its period of greatest usefulness.

In 1912, the Mississippi Baptist State Convention appointed an Educational Commission to consider the advisability of establishing a system of correlated state denominational schools. The Trustees of Clarke Memorial College became convinced that the college could better serve the denomination in the field of Christian education if it were brought into the proposed system of schools. Application for admission to the state system was, therefore, made and after certain conditions imposed by the Convention had been met, the college was finally admitted into the state system, March 17, 1914.

This sketch would be incomplete without reference to one among the most heroic achievements in college history. In order to meet the conditions laid down by the Convention for the admission of the college to the state system, nine members of the old Board of Trustees assumed personal responsibility for a large indebtedness. This act of the faithful nine was taken in a dark hour of the college history. The present bright prospects shine all the more brightly because of this heroic sacrifice upon the part of our friends.

HISTORIAN.



THE SEER STAFF.

FACULTY



Faculty

ROBERT A. VENABLE, D. D.

Dr. Venable was born in Newton County, Ga., September 2, 1849. When about seven years old he moved with his parents to Ouachita County, Ark., where he lived until September, 1871, when he entered Mississippi College. Here he distinguished himself as a student and was, in 1875, ordained to preach. In 1877 he was graduated, the honor man of the class. For several years he devoted himself to teaching.

In 1877 he married Miss Fannie Webb, the daughter of President W. S. Webb of Mississippi College. Dr. Venable was for nine years pastor of the First Baptist Church of Memphis. He served Mississippi College as President for a term of four years. Afterwards he was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Meridian during a period of eleven years.

Dr. Venable is conceded the ablest New Testament scholar in the South. He is a tower of intellectual strength, the brightest star in the diadem of Baptist glory, a being upon whom one might look and believe that man is indeed God's masterpiece.

PROF. J. F. PARKINSON.

Professor Parkinson has been here and has been faithful to the college while it was passing through its fiery trial. He is a scholar who has made his life tell in the molding of other lives. Professor Parkinson has charge of our department of Latin and Greek, and we have no desire to trade him for any other teachers of those branches in the State. We love him because he makes us live true to our better selves.



PROF. CHARLES DEE JOHNSON.

Professor Johnson is a native Mississippian, an alumnus of Mississippi College. He holds the A. B. degree from the abovenamed institution. Professor Johnson is a teacher from choice. He holds in our school the position of Professor of History and Philosophy.



MISS SUDYE SPINKS holds diploma from Bristol, Va. She teaches the Curry System of Expression.



MISS LILLIE MAE WALTON was graduated from Blue Mountain College. Clarke College has in her an efficient Director of Music.



MISS LAVINIA HOLLAND has made a specialty of voice. In pursuit of her chosen work she has spent three years in study in New York City.



MRS. SANSING is a Blue Mountain girl. She taught in that school for some years. She is our faithful preparatory teacher.

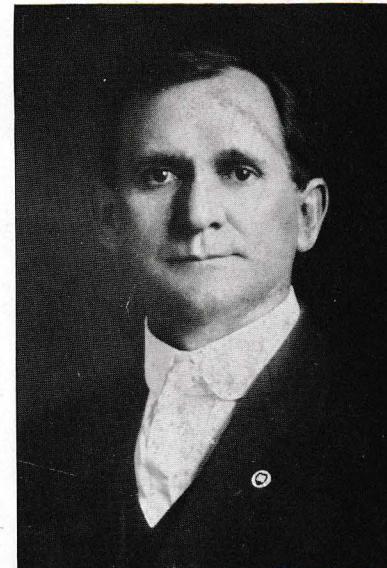


MISS CLARA ERVIN is a graduate of Hillman College. She has done post-graduate work in the University of Chicago. English is her specialty.

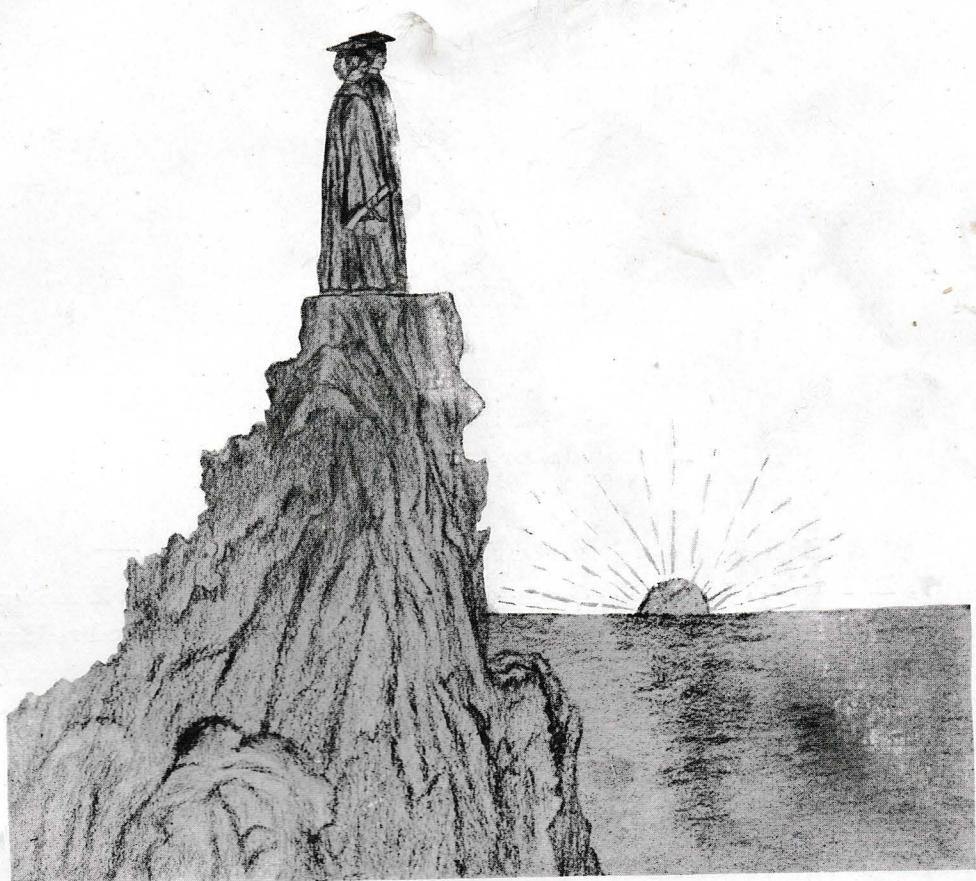


MRS. LEILA A. GORDON is at the head of our Department of Business. She is not the least among the factors who are making for the growth of Clarke College.

REV.-PROF. H. C. JOYNER is a product of Mississippi College. He did his post-graduate work in the Louisville Seminary. He came as our teacher of mathematics at the beginning of this session.



MISS EVA ERVIN teaches the girls to paint. She is qualified for the work. Belhaven College gave her a college course in art. She has done good work for her students here.



SENOR

Senior Class

COLORS: Vermillion and Burnt Orange.

FLOWER: Nasturtium.

MOTTO: Labor conquers everything.

OFFICERS.

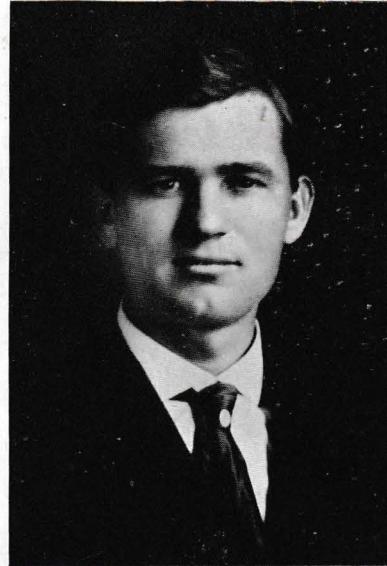
W. E. Hardy.....	President
Dumas Sansing.....	Vice-President
Bonnie May Norman.....	Secretary
Clyde Breland.....	Prophet
John F. Sansing.....	Salutatorian
W. O. Carter.....	Historian
E. C. Buckley.....	Valedictorian
J. E. Sansing.....	Poet

Z. C. O'FARREL, B. A. Newton, Miss.

*"In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue
still."*

Behold his nibs! The greatest 'sputer since Luther was gathered unto the shining portals where 'sputers 'spute no more forever. Preach like Peter the Hermit, work like Teddy the Strenuous, laugh like a perfect dunce, and tell the truth just like a Cretan—"that's him." Entered school with a cash capital of one wife and an aching void in his equatorial regions. A wife, a daughter, sufficient credits to get a sheepskin, and a pair of lily white hands that toil not, neither spin—these his accumulations. His future? A sky pilot of the purest type serene.

President Theologs, Creation to the Day of Judgment.



J. F. SANSING, B. A. Newton, Miss.

*"With eloquence innate his tongue is armed;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher
charmed;
For letting down the golden chain from high
He drew his audience upward to the sky."*

Since Mr. Sansing entered Clarke Memorial College five years ago, by his high character and good humor he has made a more desirable place for a number of other students. Moreover, his record has been splendid. Besides doing his regular work, he has served from one to four churches all the time; won two medals for oratory, and served various offices in his class, society and clubs. If we want anything done, we know whom to call on. In accord with his ambition, "to get the best that the college affords," only last year he won the consent of our lady principal to become his assistant pastor. Surely, one who wins such a conquest as this will never be overcome by the difficulties of life.

President Theological Society, Third Term, 1910-11; President of Class, 1910-11 and 1912-13; Critic of Theological Society, Second Term, 1911-12, and Second Term, 1912-13; Critic of Platonian Society, Second Term, 1912-13, and Second Term, 1913-14; President of the Platonian Society, Third Term, 1912-13; President of Curry Club, 1913-14; Business Manager Collegian, 1912-13; Society Editor of Annual, 1913-14.





JULIA RYAN, B. A. Bay Springs, Miss.

*"Dignity and honor are her clothing;
And she laughs at the time to come."*

Of the class she is the breeze that fans the spark of inspiration into a glowing flame. In all college work she has found something to make her glad; pleasure in English, delight in Mathematics, charm in Science, enjoyment in Greek, fascination in Latin. With her brilliant intellect and unbounded enthusiasm, she has made herself felt in every place of college life.

President Euterpean, 1913; Secretary, 1912; Critic, 1914; President Billiken Club, 1914.

E. DUMAS SANSING, B. S. Newton, Miss.

"To know, to be, and to help to be were his theme."

On October 29, 1891, the fields being white already to harvest, a new cotton picker was added to the group in Neshoba County, Mississippi.

Dumas entered Clarke Memorial College a full-fledged prep. in 1909, but from "prepdom" he has worked, until now he is in view of the coveted sheepskin. His record throughout the entire five years presages for him a most bright future. He is an earnest, hard worker, always stands for right, and is highly regarded by all who know him. We predict for him a successful life.

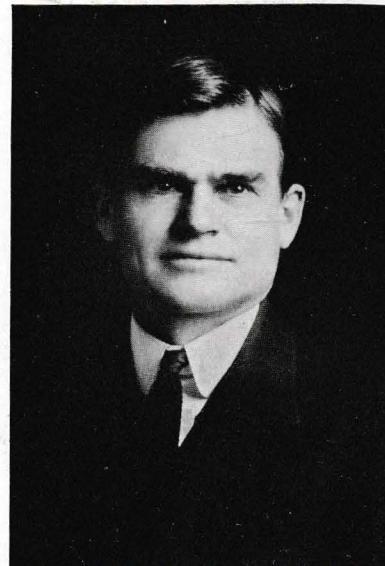
There are some things about books that puzzle Dumas, but he is always on the dot when the batsman chances to drive the ball near third base; or when a twirler is needed, he can face the foe with a cool head and send them to the bench with a goose egg. Varsity Baseball, 1912-13-14; Secretary Platonian Society, 1913; Vice-President Class, 1914.



J. B. EDWARDS, B. S. Chunkey, Miss.

*"That man that has a tongue, I say, is no man
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."*

May 5, 1888: That's the day upon which Edwards first laughed. He is doing the same thing at this blessed minute. What does he do when skies are blue? Laughs! What, when clouds shut sky from view? Laughs! His motto: "Laugh and the world laughs with you." To grand old Mississippi College belongs the honor of giving him the broader vision. Two years in that school, then he taught, sought and found his missing rib. He is a man now, and the rib is the cause of it. His future? To teach the gospel of good cheer and the hope of higher happiness through service.



W. OWEN CARTER, B. A. Enterprise, Miss.
(Or, "The Man of Mystery.")

*"Live pure, speak right, right wrong, follow
the king."*—Tennyson.

Expert in ancient history by actual experience. God only knows where he came from, or when he started, but he got here just the same, and he has been here ever since, I guess. How did he win his charming wife? Search me; that's another mystery. His wife, the Lord, and C. M. C. undertook to make a man of him. They have succeeded. How? Another mystery. His future: to preach in his mysteriously winning way the mysteries of the grace of the Lord Jesus.

President, at different times, of everything in the school; First Orator Platos, 1913-14; Class Historian, 1914.

MISS JULIA FLURRY, B. A. Daisy, Miss.

*"Her voice is mild, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."*

One bright morning about three years ago the little town of Daisy was made sad by the departure of one of its most beautiful maidens. The pine forests of South Mississippi sighed and moaned the loss of the little girl who, when a child, wandered among the stately trees. But with the grace and dignity of a queen and with the sweetness of a rose, in answer to the call for workers in the King's business, she bade farewell to the parental roof and made her way to Clarke College. Julia is a faithful student and her unselfish efforts are never tired when duty demands. Whether her task be easy or her lessons long, she never worries, but meets the world with a smile, and we can but bow with unveiled reverence in the presence of her record. In the school or on the street she is a ray of sunshine and a source of joy and comfort to those with whom she is associated. Her fair, sweet face reveals to all a soul that overflows with goodness. We know we shall miss her when she is gone, but we feel assured that our loss will be the gain of others.

She has filled every office in the Euterpean Literary Society; Vice President Y. W. A., 1911-12; President First Half 1912-13, 1913-14; Secretary and Treasurer B. Y. P. U. Two Terms, 1913-14.



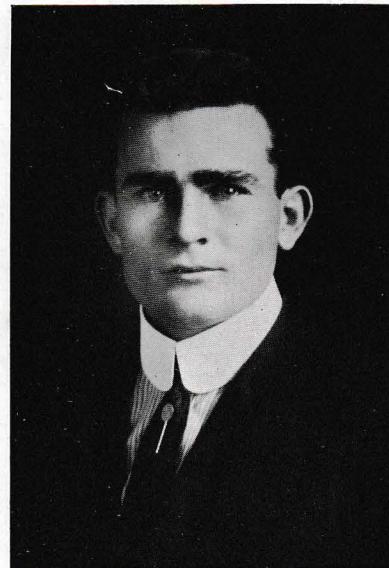
ELLIS C. BUCKLEY, B. S. Pinola, Miss.

"To love, and to be loved, is the greatest happiness of existence."

Starting life in the month of Hope, Ellis has been hopeful ever since. They have not been false hopes—his many honors prove that; they have not been selfish hopes—his popularity attests that; they have not been vain hopes—his manly humility testifies to that.

In 1910 he came to us, and since then no words are needed to verify our genuine affection for and our pride in him. He is one of our strongest men—thorough in class work, happy in associates, faithful in Christian duties, courteous in bearing. In athletics he is the leading spirit; in basket ball an ever-present help in trouble. Our hearts follow him with loving pride; our hopes for him are high; our faith in him unswerving.

Varsity Basket Ball, 1912-13-14; Aurelian Society, Secretary-Treasurer; Declamatory Medal, 1912-13; Anniversarian, 1912-13; President, 1912-13; Oratorical Medal, 1913-14; President Athletic Association; Valedictorian, 1913-14.

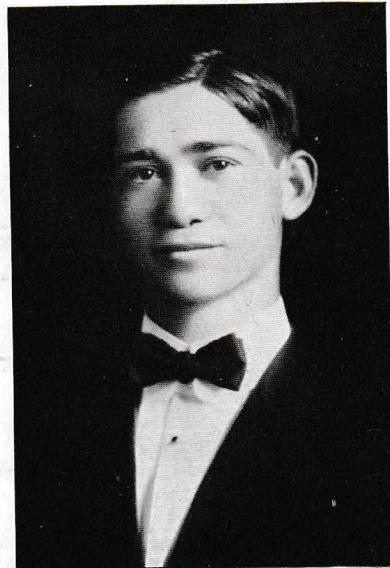


WILLIAM E. HARDY, B. S. Newton, Miss.

*"A fly sat on a chariot wheel and said:
Behold what a dust I raise."*

Bill, the noted soloist, sang his first solo at his father's home, Newton County, August 17, 1890. His first attempt made such a decided "hit" that he has continued this amusement, being aided thereto by frequent impressive encores. After making an enviable record in the public schools of Newton County, he enlisted as a private in the C. M. C. corps, where he has done faithful service ever since. To know him is to love him, and it is reported that he is quite well known among the Co-Eds.

President Sophomore Class, 1910-11; Secretary and Treasurer Platonians, 1911; Vice-President Platonians, 1912; President B. Y. P. U., 1912; President Platonians, 1913; President Seniors, 1913-14; Business Manager SEER, 1913-14; Sport, 1900-99. We predict for Bill a bright future as a singing evangelist.

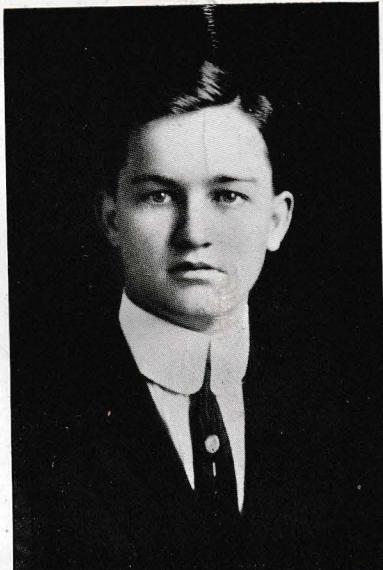


HERBERT E. BISHOP, B. S. Conehatta, Miss.
(Or "Hub the Handsome.")

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"

Out at Conehatta, Newton County, Mississippi, our Bishop beloved discovered America. The Bishop's song of gratitude for a safe voyage was sung lustily enough, but in a tongue unknown to those who heard him. The young ladies of Conehatta understood the language his eyes spoke, and there were scores of aching hearts because they understood. Bishop came to Clarke in search of some remedy against the dangerous effects of his eyes upon the hearts of the fair sex. The sheep-skin certificate which he bears hence certifies that he is not a dangerous object for the glances of the fair ones, but there are those who doubt the wisdom of granting that certificate. Our Bishop has chosen the world for his bishopric, humanity for his flock, to scatter the light of learning for his religion, and to tone up the public school system for his task.

Secretary to the Commercial Department, 1914; Platonian Declamation Medal, 1913; Junior Medal, 1913; Secretary and Treasurer Platonian Literary Society, First Term, 1913-14; President Platonians, Third Term, 1914; Second Orator, Platonian Anniversary, 1913-14.





BONNIE MAE NORMAN, B. S. Newton, Miss.

*"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."*

Among the May flowers that were blooming in all their glory a few years past a young life (first) saw light in the person of Bonnie Mae Norman.

Her early playground was under the shade of the live oaks in her father's lawn. She learned a lesson in liveliness from those trees. Her many friends remember her by her cheerfulness, which scatters sunshine to every one whom she meets. She entered college at an early age as Senior prep., and during five sessions she has proven her worth, for she lives near enough to go home every Saturday afternoon.

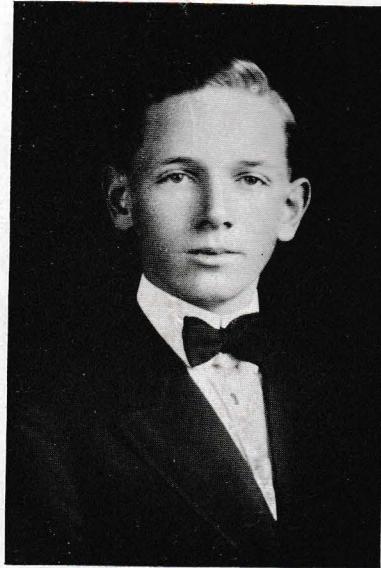
Her popularity is seen from the many offices she has held in the societies: President of Phi Delta Kappa Society, 1912-13-14; Secretary of Curry Club, 1913-14; Anniversarian of Phi Delta Kappa Society, 1913-14; Founder and First President of Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to the Blacks, 1910-99.

CLYDE LAMONT BRELAND, B. S. Philadelphia, Miss.

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

When, on August 4, 1895, his pellucid orbs opened to the beauties of this terrestrial globe, he yelled out, "Wonderful!" and he has been yelling ever since. Clyde entered Clarke College a Junior in 1912, therefore his stay with us has been short; but his artistic touch with the painting brush and his power to master any text book proves to us that he will some time be master of greater things. He is the youngest graduate in the history of the college. He has a bright future, and we hope that old age in its twilight beauty will find him treading the halls of fame and ready to exchange his cross for a crown.

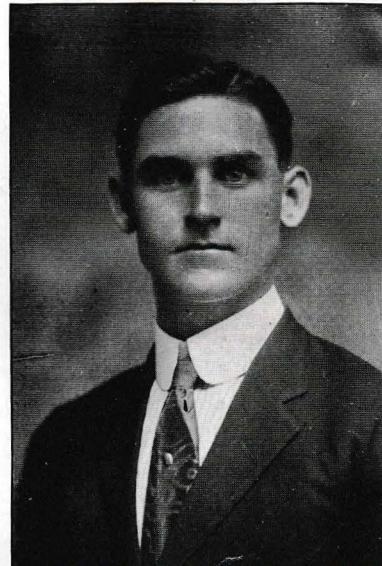
Class Prophet, Sessions 1912-13-14; Critic of Aurelian Literary Society, 1913-14; Art Editor of Annual, 1913-14; Local Editor of Annual, 1913-14.



MAMIE BRAND, B. A. Newton, Miss.

*"She that looketh forth as the morning,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun."*

In judging the quality of things we always look for the brand. Then when you want to know the character of our class please see our Brand. The first record we have of Miss Brand is her appearance in Newton County one bright February morning in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The next time she is a graduate of the Hickory High School, 1911. The following session she came as a Sophomore to drink from the fountain of knowledge at C. M. C. Her motto is, "I want all I can get here." She finishes B. A. course this year. Her aim is to take the B. S. next year, and the most handsome of her beaux as soon as he can get her. She has been one of our best Euterpean Society workers. She filled several minor offices during the time, and was President, Second Term, 1913-14. We can only look to Sir Oracle to know her future.



J. EARL SANSING, B. S. Newton, Miss.

"He hath a daily beauty in his life."

This beauty keeps him fresh in spite of all the years he has lived in Seniordom. He was Newton High School Senior, 1911; enrolled at Clarke for Senior Class, 1913; college raised curriculum, thus requiring him, for the third time in his career, to become a Senior. He teaches the young idea how to shoot so long as there are any young ideas untaught, then he re-enters college.

May he live to be a Senior for nine and ninety other years and teach his youngest son's great grandchildren the lessons of truth he is teaching the children of today.

Senior Class Poem

Oh, what wondrous words we use,
When we say that we must choose.
Not with chance our fortune lies;
Not in realms beyond the skies;
Not with her who gave us birth,
Nor in regions 'neath the earth.

Each man his own fortune molds;
In his hand the mold he holds.
He must fight if he would win;
This is right. Know ye this, then:
Nothing would one care for life
Were it not that life is strife.

It is great, oh, so glorious
For a man to be victorious.
Such an one must be so careful,
Watchful, hopeful, faithful, prayerful,
Lest he lose his garland, crown, all;
Or else use it to his downfall.

If he'd do a deed that's grand
Let him lend a helping hand;
Find his fallen, friendless brother,
And, as he climbs, aid some other
The heavenly way to find.
Thoughts like these fill the noble mind.

'Tis true that God is over all;
Whenever man obeys his call
To faith in Jesus Christ above,
To love for Him, the God of love,
To lofty thoughts, to noble deeds,
Nothing his success impedes.

—CLASS POET.

Senior History

In the beginning God created them male and female, therefore let them pass for men and women. Not all at once was this creation, nor at one place only. Far be it from the chronicler to discuss the steps and stages in this creation. He presumes not to criticise the plans and purposes of the Almighty in his work. He takes the Seniors just as they appeared unto him and unto the civilized world upon that auspicious day when first they emerged from the jungles of ignorance and made their appearance in the college chapel.

Soon after the members of the present Senior Class climbed the hill upon whose crest the tree of knowledge casts its grateful shade and bears its fruit for the healing of the hurts of ignorance, a union of interests drew them into a bond of fellowship that the changing years will not sever. Through all the days of thirst for knowledge and unremitting toil in the teeth of assignments too long and hard, this bond of fellowship still holds.

The faculty beheld in us a band of ponderous problems and walking wonders of illiteracy, but we bore among us the Brand of perfection which was ever present with us, though oftentimes out of sight. This Brand, aided by the sanctity and pious presence of the blessed Bishop, spurred us ever toward the goal which we are now about to attain. And we have learned how all-important it is to have a goal of endeavor and to keep it well in sight. This goal for each of us has been the things which we most highly prize and cherish as those which count for most in life.

The first and least of these things cherished by us is the diploma which has floated in the mists of our dreams, flitted about in the light of our study lamps, dazzled us from the mirror of our visions, and danced between us and our tasks whenever we were inclined to become discouraged. Then, we prize our knowledge of one another, and the acquired ability to do team work. We have learned that he whose life's efforts count for the most unites his efforts with those of his associates. Again, the worth of work and struggle for the crowns of character have impressed us as we journeyed. We have seen the triumph of toil and truth, of honor bright and sterling honesty. These have been our goals and goads; these shall ever be our lures and beacons.

Through all the devious twists and turnings of our journey, we have been cheered and encouraged by a faculty whose members have been unto us ever true guides, philosophers and friends. Unto them our affections turn in these last hours of our stay. Theirs be the praise for whatever of worth we may accomplish, for what of good may have come to us from our stay within these college walls.

We are now to pass out into the world either to succeed or to fail. We can no longer sit in the shade of a Bush along by the Park and watch the procession go by, but must be Joyners with those who are doing things in life.

HISTORIAN.

Senior Prophecy

I slept; and lo, there came to me a vision of the coming days. I dreamed of the Class of '14. None was omitted. It was for Fate to say what kind of life each was to live.

In my vision I beheld all the members of the class in a line before the goddess of destiny. She had given them the power to choose their lifework.

I saw the goddess approach Rev. Z. C. O'Farrel. He whispered something in her ear, and, turning, sped away. For awhile he was lost to sight; and then he reappeared upon the holy hill of ministry. He climbed higher and higher up until he reached the very summit, and then he turned to wave to his beloved comrades an affectionate token of cheer.

Then the goddess turned to J. F. Sansing and W. O. Carter. I saw them take the selfsame trail, become lost to view in the selfsame valley, and at last appear upon the selfsame hill that their forward brother had trodden.

Next the goddess summoned forward Dumas Sansing and Earl of the same name, Julia Ryan, Ellis Buckley and J. B. Edwards. I beheld them start upon the road which leads up the hill of preparation, upon which hill is situated the greatest of all institutions, Clarke College. As I watched them standing upon this hill their forms slowly changed into flaming lights of education.

I saw Miss Flurry and Miss Brand as they started out upon the footpath of sacrifice. I could see them struggling bravely onward, facing dangers, until at last I saw their forms silhouetted against the heavens, upon the missionary hill, close to the holy hill of ministry.

But lo, as I stood and watched these two bearers of the cross, one more of the classmates of my college days had gone from the circle of parting friends. I saw him start upon the road of candidacy, which road is full of pitfalls and evils. But to my relief, I saw this seeker of office carefully avoid all the snares with which this road is filled. Mr. Bishop was elected to the exalted office of Justice of the Peace.

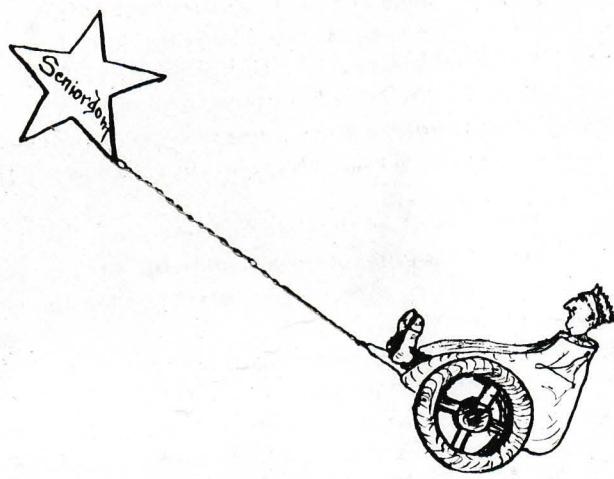
I turned to the remnant of the class, and saw that they, too, had started upon the journey of life. The last two members of the class had decided that it was not good for man or woman to live alone. They had united their young lives and were touring the country with a magnificent lyceum number. Mr. Hardy and his beautiful young wife, Miss Norman, had mounted the ladder of success till they were now hailed as the greatest opera singers upon earth.

Then the goddess beckoned to me, but as I slowly approached her, the hills and valleys of failure and success faded into nothingness and in their stead appeared the barren walls of my own room.

I had awoke.

PROPHET.

JUNIORS



Hitch Your Chariot To A Star

Junior

COLORS: Pearl White and Royal Purple.

MOTTO: The higher we rise the grander the view.

FLOWER: Purple Pansy.

OFFICERS.

W. H. Sumrall.....	President
A. L. Flurry.....	Vice-President
Stella Shamburger.....	Secretary
Washington Lee.....	Prophet
O. R. Mosley.....	Poet
J. R. Rooker.....	Historian

Acrostic

“Just and true” is our motto

Under all conditions of life,

Never to stoop to conquer

In any battle of strife.

Onward and up is the path to be trod,

Reaching at length the throne of God.



JUNIOR CLASS.

Junior Poem

I pondered long in hope that was strong
When my life had gone a-dreaming,
Of the years gone by and the time come nigh
When I hoped with loftier feeling.
Quite soon upon my vision flew,
As I stood pondering, proud,
A fairy with a handsome crew,
And they all spoke thus aloud:

“Who is that laddie on the campus ground,
Who looks up and never looks down,
Whether on the high road or in the town,
Or clouds or sun be prevailing?
And that lad who faces the sun,
Who never quits trying till vict’ry’s won,
Who ne’er from the fight would dare to run,
But on to victory prevailing?”

I listened as I stood there all alone,
And they continued, one by one—
To express opinions they all seemed prone—
And talked and talked till that was done.
“He is a handsome lad, I see,
And wise as he is handsome, too,
Other virtues to him will surely be,
And to them he will ever be true.”
And another whose time it was to speak
Said: “It is folly to worry you
With words so unworthy and weak,
’Tis about time to bid you adieu.”

Then, thought I, surely they speak of me,
But why praises to this youngster?
And a whispering voice with answer free,
Says, “Because you are a Junior.”
Then another voice boldly said to me,
“Boy, do not let this place ruin you,
From all silly thoughts keep your mind free,
Be a good old sensible Junior.”

Up-and-Down Club

MOTTO: If you would know the joy of living, be an Up-and-Down.

BY-WORD: You don't tell me.

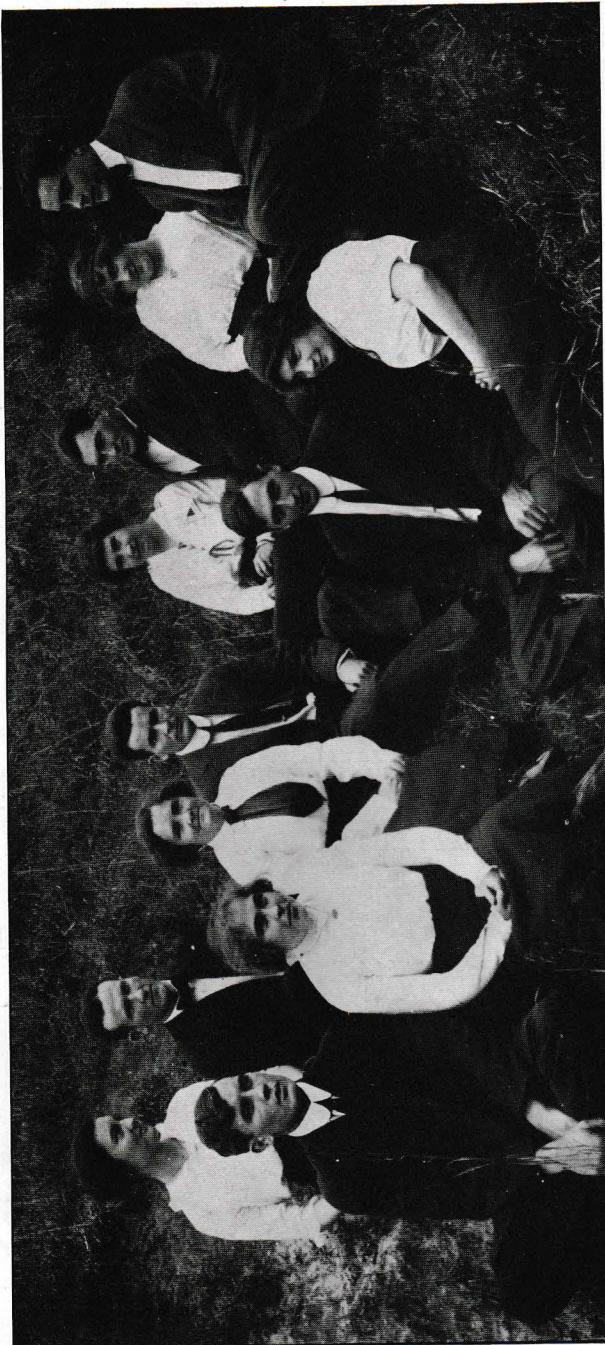
FLOWER: Violet.

COLORS: White and Blue.

AIM: To meet and eat and tell our secrets.

OFFICERS.

Bonnie Norman, President.....	John Black, Honorary
Maybell Spillyards, Vice-President.....	Dan R. Ware, Honorary
Veva Fulton, Secretary.....	Ellis Buckley, Honorary
Ruby Keys, Laugh Leader.....	Joe L. Hillman, Honorary
Nina Edmunds, Eyes Specialist.....	Louis M. Clark, Honorary
Bessie Gilbert, Starter.....	Jubal E. Moss, Honorary



UP-AND-DOWN CLUB.

Billiken Sentiments

As easy to grin as to grumble,
Just as easy to laugh as to cry:
Go to, then, and smile;
Be happy the while
Life's moments go scampering by.

No room for growls, but for giggles;
For sorrow room? Only for mirth.
Come, come, then, and we
Together will see
What joy there is left upon earth.

Hearts there are aching with anguish
And souls that are dumb with despair;
But we'll work and we'll sing
And we'll laugh while we bring
All sorrow to God's altar stair.

Thence to the bountiful Father,
Whose smile healeth every blight,
We'll lead in our gladness
Hearts burdened with sadness,
To bask in His marvelous light.

Have a Chestnut

One of our members has an eye for business. Since real estate has become so dear the sole object of her life is to get Land.

Don't you see the point? Yes? Well, laugh then.

Tima Newsom says of all her property she values the Crocker(y) most highly.

That one's worth a grin at least. Wrinkle up your face just once. It won't break.

Miss Winnie is a jolly girl,
Both fair and rather tall;
She does not like a silly churl,
But, oh, you "Cute" Sumrall!

Myrtle says factories may be all right, but for herself she prefers plain Mills.

Mr. Gresham is not a planter and does not care for big tracts of land, but he tells Ellen he'd love to have one little Lott.

Angie loves the mountains for their big flints (Flynts). That's why she is fond of Mount Olive.

Did you hear what befell old Groucher? Groucher had worn a frown for twenty years. He met the Billikens out for a stroll and they cracked his face with a grin.

Julia Ryan: "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

Mary Ruth Hoye: Is that so? Well, for goodness sake, let me get a little, then.



Sophomore

COLORS: Black and Gold.

MOTTO: Work and Win.

FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan.

OFFICERS.

R. O. Richardson.....	President
J. F. Evans.....	Vice President
Tima G. Newsom.....	Secretary and Treasurer
Maybell Spillyards	Historian
T. J. Ross.....	Prophet
R. T. Crocker.....	Poet
S. E. Sumrall.....	Sport
Ervin Cole	Fool
A. W. Flurry.....	Orator



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Sophomore Poem

The college life—dost thou ask why
The pleasant years of four,
When Seniors shout and wee Preps cry
And the Juniors sigh the more?

The Senior thinks of a future day,
The Preps and Juniors wreak commotion,
While the Sophomore sings a jubilant lay
And avoids every foolish motion.

Though he views not with an all-serious eye
The cumbrous problems about him,
Facing the sun, he dares defy
Shadows and sighs, all of them.

And just to make a long story short,
And trouble your mind no more,
I will say, whether in work or play,
He is simply a Sophomore.

And if you'd bid me the word analyze
And speak in a more definite way,
I would like for you to know the exact size
Of a Sophomore anyway.

He's the wisest lad in any crowd,
Him all others fail to lead;
The Juniors speak loud and the Seniors feel proud,
But their counsel he doesn't heed.

The Prep is far below him,
The Freshman's below him, too,
Few, indeed, are above him,
And they are very few.

With such reasonings he wonders
If any other could his place fulfill,
And while many others are in slumber,
He practically climbs the hill.

—CLASS POET, '14.

History of Sophomore Class

The Sophomore Class met and organized November 11, 1913. Since that time the members have been drawn closer together by a feeling of good fellowship and a spirit of progress.

The problems of school life and class work have been discussed, and we have been mutually benefited by the discussions.

Our motto, "Work and Win," is also our watchword. We work shoulder to shoulder in the fields of learning, and in one great band we hope to reach the delectable heights of graduation. In the struggle of everyday work, no one is left to fight alone. The weak are made strong, and the strong are made stronger by the assistance which they render.

In the oratorical and declamatory contests we have been well represented. The first medal awarded by the Aurelian Literary Society was awarded to R. T. Crocker, a member of our class.

As a class, we believe that a strong body is essential to the best mental work; hence, we stand firm in favor of athletics. Three of our men are on the Varsity basket ball team, and they have made splendid records during the past season. Our men also play an important part on the baseball diamond.

What strong bodies and susceptible minds are able to accomplish we hope at last to achieve. The future is veiled in a rosy light and seems to promise success, but of that we will let the prophet inform us.

HISTORIAN.

Prophecy of the Sophomore Class

It was a bright, warm afternoon when spring first makes its efforts to rouse unkind winter from her habitation. As I gazed out across the fields before me thoughts came and went at random. My eyes involuntarily closed and a vision presented itself to my mind. I was entering the gates of a beautiful city; over the entrance was written these words, "A city of God's approval and man's admirations." As I passed through the gateway I saw a manufacturing plant; over the entrance to this building was written, "S. E. Sumrall, Proprietor." I walked in and was met by a middle aged man whom I knew was Elbert Sumrall. He told me that in his magnificent plant he manufactured every article of all lines that was used in that city.

I walked on and came to the opera house. Near the entrance was an office and I walked in. J. J. Flynt sat at his desk and he recognized me. He told me that with J. F. Evans and others he entertained the people of the city each night with a musical program.

Next I came to the Sanitarium. There I met A. W. Flurry who told me that he applied plasters and administered pills to all the people of this model city. Passing into an anteroom of this Sanitarium I found I. B. Cole. He also had attained prominence as a surgeon and at this moment he was taking the heart of a man out preparatory to putting in an artificial one which he told me was to be run by an electrical apparatus.

Then I came to the school building, where I found R. O. Richardson, J. H. Thompson, Miss Nora Smith and others whom I had known in the '16 Class. They were making great men and great women of boys and girls.

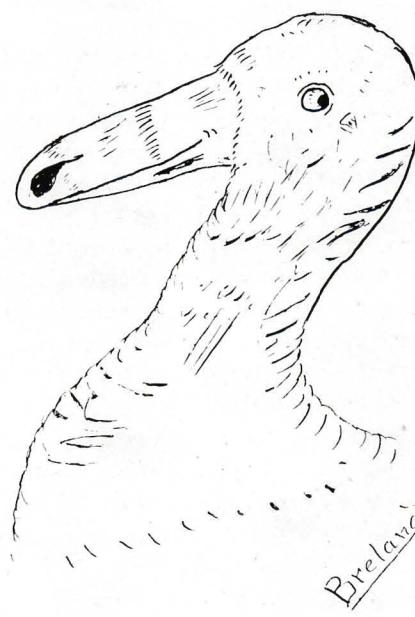
One of the most magnificent buildings in the city was the bank building. This institution was presided over by J. H. Sansing. His staff of helpers was composed of Misses Tima Newsom, Jennie Briggs and Mr. Laurence Brantly and Mr. Howard Gordy as teller. Over the bank were offices where I found R. T. Crocker delving into the great principles of law. In the same building were the offices of Robert and Rosier Collier; they were opticians and were enjoying the fame their professional attainments had brought them.

Next I found Sam Adams. How can a man be a man and not love Sam? He told me that he had not tried to acquire fame in a profession and that since he had money to live on he did not care to do anything except live with the Class of '16. He told me that each day he visited every member of the class. He told me that Ruby Keys, Lura West, May Spillyards and Queeny Flurry had married. He said that they had delightful old gentlemen for husbands and that they were living happily. He said that L. B. Campbell and L. K. Turner were pastors of the Baptist Churches near the city.

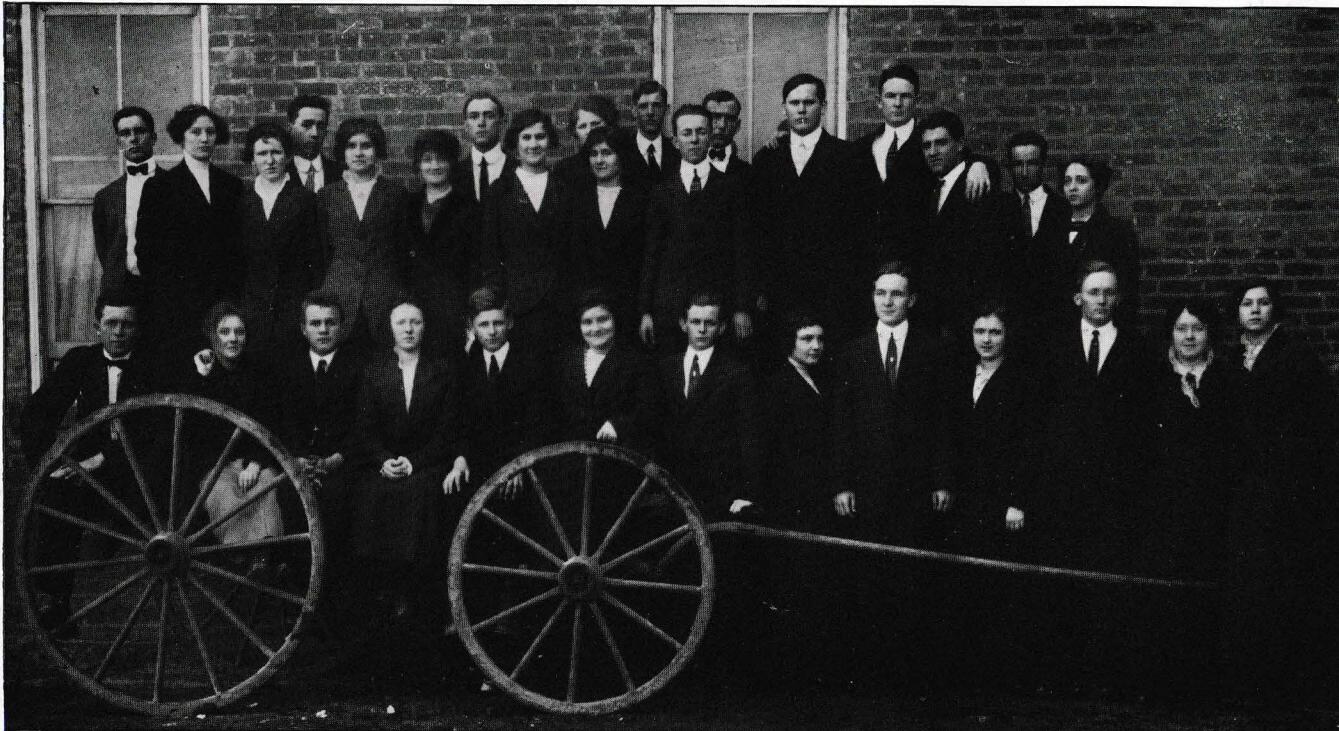
At the close of this eventful day I lifted my heart in thanksgiving to God. The Class of '16 had given to the world a city that met with the approval of God.

FRESHMAN

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Freshman Class

Tom F. Richardson	President
Louis M. Clarke	Vice President
Veva Fulton	Secretary
Myrtle Walton	Historian
Bessie Gilbert	Prophet
Mary Lee Wells	Poet

Freshman Poem

All that's brightest must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest!
Stars that shine and fall,
The flower that drops when springing,
These, alas, are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging!

Who would seek to prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying
Than be blessed with light and see
That bright flower dying!

Earth's bright hopes must fade,
Not those which grace hath given;
Joys were fleeting made,
But not the joys of heaven!
Stars that shine above,
And flowers that cannot wither,
These are types of peace and love
That shall abide forever!

Who that seeks the skies
Would mourn earth's pleasures blighted,
Weep o'er broken ties
Soon to be reunited?
Blest awhile to be
In darkness and in sorrow,
Assured we soon the dawn shall see
Of an eternal morrow!

—POET.

History of the Freshman Class

During the latter part of September, 1913, when hundreds of young men and women of Mississippi turned their faces toward college, about forty of them came to the little town of Newton and entered the Freshman Class of Clarke Memorial College. They were welcomed by the members of the faculty as though their hearts were banquet halls, and the banquet of life was being held.

It was soon discovered that some of the brightest talents were in the Freshman Class. All the members are doing good work and we hope to have all enrolled as Sophomores next session. We meet with many obstacles, yet with our motto, "Onward and Upward," we expect to conquer and make the Class of 1917 the best that Clarke College has ever produced.

HISTORIAN.

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HISTORIAN.

Prophecy

Make way for the greatest class Clarke College ever grew. One year has sufficed to test the material of which it is composed. Now under the prophet, whose word shall stand sure when once it is spoken, it is given to say what line in life each member of the class shall follow.

Hear, ye heavens, and give ear, O earth; for giants have arisen and labors that shall shake the world are in the preparing. The spirit of Isocrates again incarnate is learning to speak through the lips of Tom F. Richardson, whose silver voice shall sound our clarion call to duty. The prophet grants unto him to speak for us in his day. Grafton, our preacher of the golden mouth, shall by his labors lighten the world's vast burden of sin, and haste the coming of the King. Clarke, of Clarke County, is ours to lead the teachers of tomorrow to loftier achievements in matters educational, while Misses Myrtle Walton and Mary Lee Wells are to reign, twin queens, of the musical world.

What of those the prophet does not mention? So lofty are their destinies that the prophet's word would be doubted should the half of their greatness be foretold. Of them, too, shall the world take note in the time to come; for they shall be great in God's good time.

PROPHET.

Preparatory Department

MOTTO: Semper Altius.

OFFICERS.

Charles S. Wroten.....	President
Joe S. Slaughter.....	Vice President
Desma Collier	Secretary
Lou Noel	Historian
Maurice A. Trimble.....	Prophet
Lura Dell Collier.....	Poet

Hills of Hope

To the beautiful hills, they are far away,
I'll stand on the heights 'mid the light some day.
Tho' the road be long, and a dim light fall,
Ever a voice through the darkness calls,
 "On and on to the hills of dawn, on and on."

They say on the hills of the days and years,
The great stars shine through the storm of tears,
And still a voice to this soul of mine,
Tempest or storm, they shine, they shine,
 "On and on to the hills of dawn, on and on."

And courage is high and faith is strong,
And my heart keeps time to the onward song;
The heavens know it, the world it thrills
To the beautiful hills, to the beautiful hills,
 "On and on to the hills of dawn, on and on."

—SELECTED.

Preparatory History

We are the chosen twelve. We always have been, we always will be, the chosen twelve. We will be the chosen twelve that the prophecy may be fulfilled.

Behold, there was a sound of weeping, of lamentation, and of woe, because Clarke College needed worthy ones to make her name illustrious, but the worthy ones found she not. And it came to pass that the rabbis rent their garments, sprinkled ashes upon their heads, sat in the dust, and smote themselves upon their briskets. Then arose the spirit of progress, shē that standeth by the goddess of wisdom, and said: "Weep not, neither lament, O sons of men, for behold the pitying gods do hear your voices and your petitions are granted. Behold, I send my messenger before my face, and he shall have power to call Chisolm from riding his papa's horses when that patriarch sleepeth and fancieth his son Edgar safe in bed. And Edgar shall be called wonderful, and he that doeth a mighty do shall Edgar be. It shall be that whensover he goeth to the board in class baby Desma Collier shall solve his problem for him." And it hath happened even so.

And, lo, the spirit spake again and said: "Trimble shall my messenger also bring from the home where he hacketh stovewood for his mamma, and fisheth for alligators in his dad's duck puddle. Unto him it shall be given to conjugate the verb 'I love,' the while he maketh goo-goo eyes at Mrs. Collier's firstborn daughter, even at Lura the lovely." And it hath chanced as the spirit said.

Again the spirit spake and said: "Wroten, also Slaughter, and even Hollis, will I cause to come hither that they may drink deep of the fountain whose waters give eternal life unto every one that quaffeth them. And these three will I make to become preachers of righteousness, and they shall save souls from the shadow of death and point them to the Prince of Peace." And it was even so.

Again spake the spirit, saying: "Chadwick shall also be called that he may qualify to look wise and give advice unto his brethren, even unto those who ask it not." And this word also stood fast.

Yet again the spirit spake: "From far away Pike shall be called the sisters two who shall modestly show unto the world how hard it is possible for pretty girls to work. And ye shall call their name Thornhill. One Sumrall also shall come and take his place in the ranks of the learned; for, verily he shall learn to know."

The spirit spake again and said: "Behold, I see a lass from the free state of Rankin come unto this holy shrine. Lou Noel shalt thou call her, and she shall do her level best to perform what duty falleth unto her lot. Her earnestness shall make glad the hearts of her masters." Again it was as before.

And it came to pass that the rabbis arose and ran together and fell upon one another's necks and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. They lifted up their voices and shouted with a mighty shout that the college was saved yet once again. Then smote they upon their Jew's-harps, played upon their cornstalk fiddles, and sang the words of "Old Ben Bolt" to the tune of "Little Brown Jug." Yet they sing and yet they rejoice; because the chosen twelve abide faithful evermore.

HISTORIAN.

Preparatory Prophecy

Mine is the voice of one that seeth the things that are to be. I gather the visions of lives that shall be lived in larger spheres and brighter, better days. I part the curtains that veil the future and gaze upon the scene of coming years. This vision swims into my view:

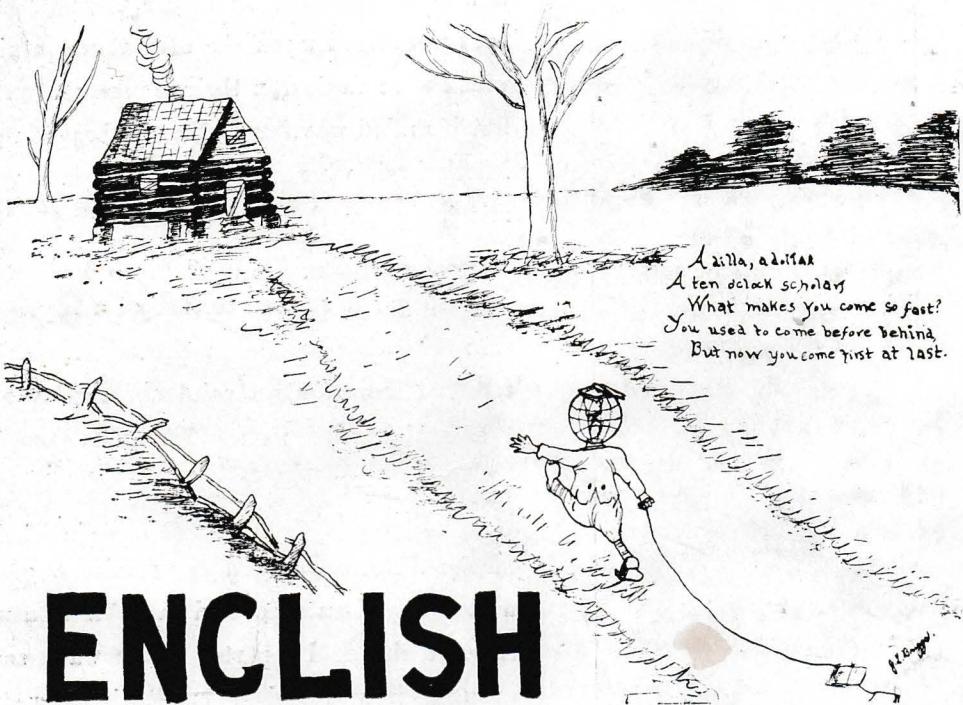
Clarke Memorial College is in need of strong students, boys and girls who shall tone up the college life and show the world what things they can do for those who are noble, good and true. The Preparatory Department sends the needed boys and girls, and the standing of the college is raised and the honor of its name is enhanced.

Again I see, in a dream that is not all a dream, a state in need of teachers. From the ranks of these who are now preparing for bigger things, the teachers go to raise the standards of education. They go, Fergusons, Noels, Thornhills, to do the will of the Master Teacher, souls without the light are dying. Wroten, Grafton, Slaughter—these bear the light.

Business is disorganized. Chadwick, Chisolm and Pace: these organize anew the marts of trade. It is not good for man to live alone. Granberry quotes these words to Mrs. Collier's baby girl and she believes it—the musician of tenderest touch and greatest power, Lura, the lovely and lovable.

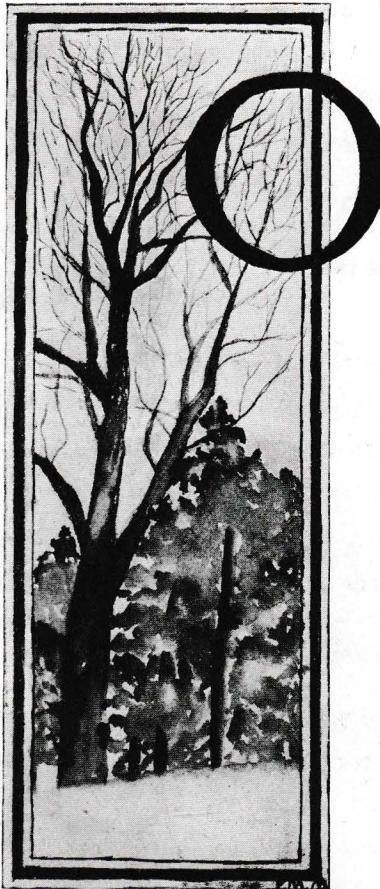
Behold all these things shall come to pass. He hath spoken whose words stand fast.

PROPHETIC.



ENGLISH

THE LOST MINE



IN A winter morning, some few years ago, John Ainsworth stood shivering by the window of a little hotel in Valdez, Alaska. His eyes were fixed upon the distant mountains, which were clothed in their blankets of snow, but his mind was far to the southeast in old Mississippi, where his proud parents were mourning for their prodigal son. He had bitterly disappointed them when, after leaving college, he refused to study for a profession, choosing instead a life of freedom—freedom from the restraints of society and the cynicism of man. He had come to Alaska seeking that free life and determined to find it. The mountains, looming up in the distance, seemed to promise a great field for adventure, and also a treasure from their cold hearts. He was soon aroused from his deep meditation by the crack of a whip and the approach of a team from the north. The dogs seemed to be

greatly exhausted; and their driver, a tall, gaunt man, looked as if he had not known rest in many days. Ainsworth became deeply interested in the turnout as it drew up at the hotel door and was glad to see the man preparing to enter. For he believed that he might be able to get some information from the man that would be of great service to him in his new life. As the traveler came in he stopped by the great stove and called out to the barkeeper:

"Jim, bring me something hot to drink. I'm almost frozen. This infernal climate will be the death of me, yet. Sometimes I feel like the flames of hell would be more comfortable than this forty below zero weather." The barkeeper, accustomed to such orders, soon placed a steaming ale before him. That seemed to warm him up a bit and he soon became communicative.

"Well, Jim, I've struck it rich at last," and to prove the truth of his words, he drew a shot sack from the pocket of his fur coat and emptied the bright gold nuggets upon the table. The barkeeper's eyes grew wide with wonder.

"Where did you find it, Adams?"

"Oh, upon the creek," with a sly wink at Ainsworth, whom he had just noticed, standing attentively by the side of the table.

"What creek?"

"Oh, one name serves as well as another. If you must have a name for it, call it 'The Great Unknown.'" The curious bartender invited full confidence, but Adams did not seem to be willing to share the secret further. After remaining in thought for a time, he turned to Ainsworth and asked:

"Young man, will you think me inquisitive if I ask why you are in Alaska? I judge from your appearance that you are neither a native nor a naturalized citizen of this country." Ainsworth flushed at this reference to his tenderfoot appearance, but he answered:

"No, not at all. You are right about me being new to the country, but I hope to become naturalized, as you term it, before very long. I am desirous of doing some prospecting, along with other gold seekers. I am anxious to become a knight of the pick, and go in search of wealth and adventure." The miner seemed pleased with the answer, but he shook his head as he replied:

"Young man, I see you are sincere and I will get you started on your quest, if I am able to do so; but I advise you to go back home, if you have one. Alaska will be bleached ere long with the bones of those same knights of the pick. Very few who are successful live to enjoy the fruits of their success. I have been digging in these mountains for ten years, and I have only within the past month found gold in paying quantities. We can't get anything to work

with. The United States expends millions of dollars in opening up a canal for the benefit of foreign nations, but she forgets her children here, who are dying with gold all around them, for the want of the necessities of life." His brow was clouded as he ceased speaking, but Ainsworth, knowing nothing of the real condition of the country, replied:

"It will not be long before the United States realizes that she has a treasure within her group. Then, she will build a railroad into the center of the mining districts and furnish you tools to work with. But in the meantime, I wish to show you how very much I appreciate your offer of help. I am willing to do the most menial service until I have learned enough to be of real use." The eyes of the sin-toughened miner filled with tears as he answered:

"Lad, you are a man after my own heart. I will think over the matter tonight, and you come to me in the morning. But you must excuse me now, for my dogs need my attention. They are cold, hungry, and tired. I am exhausted also, and in need of rest." With these words he left Ainsworth, who was deeply moved with gratitude.

Ainsworth could sleep little that night for thinking of this strange man who had offered to befriend him, an utter stranger. He rose at the dawn of the short Alaska day and hurried to the barroom hoping to find the miner there before him. But alas, his new friend never left his room again. Pneumonia had developed and it was only a short time before Adams had gone to his fathers. He left a little map with Ainsworth of the country where his mine was located, but he died before he marked the exact location. Ainsworth often remembered these words: "Lad, go back home if you have one. Alaska will be bleached with the bones of those same knights of the pick. Very few ever live to enjoy the fruits of their success." How true that statement had been in his own life. Death had dashed the victor's crown from his head and trampled it in the snow.

After the burial of Adams, Ainsworth joined a band of prospectors who were going into the Aleutian district. He wished to become acquainted with the country and toughened to the life before he went, alone, in search of the mine which his dead friend had staked. For a year he worked with these

men, undergoing many hardships and suffering much from the bitter cold climate. But he learned rapidly the manner of this northern country, and at the end of the year he could not, with justice, be called "a tenderfoot."

In the spring of the second year he fitted himself up with team and supplies, and set out for the valley of the Tanana River, where the staked claim was located. After many days of hard travel over mountains and through valleys, he reached the river, and crossing over, he passed on north of Lake Mansfield. There in the designated country he stretched his tent and began work.

The country lay among the foothills of the Alaskan mountains, far from the pleasant breezes of the Pacific coast. On the west lay the Tanana River; on the north, south, and east the mountains reared their heads into the sky. Mount Kimball, towering above the others, seemed as if it were trying to raise its snow-capped crest nearer to the sun in order that its frozen heart might be warmed into life. The creek, designated as "The Great Unknown," received its waters from the mountains and hurried to join the Tanana. Spruce, hemlock, birch and cottonwood flourished upon its banks, and in the alder thickets the ptarmigan and the arctic hare found refuge in the summer.

On the afternoon of his arrival it seemed to Ainsworth that God must have forgotten this country soon after it was created. The bare trees and frozen streams seemed but the embodiment of death and forgetfulness. It was a desolate enough place to conceal the greatest secret. It was little wonder to the discouraged Ainsworth that the richest gold mine in Alaska was hidden there. It would take a brave man to go there and work alone. He began work in a very discouraged frame of mind. The snow had to be cleared away and the ground thawed before he could do any work at all, and that work was confined to the banks of the creek. But with summer came new hope and courage.

The snow melted away in the valleys and the trees were dressed in bright green jackets by the king of the south wind. Flowers sprang up on all sides, carpeting the earth in various shades and hues. Bluebell vied with poppy in the Unknown Valley. The ptarmigan and numerous aquatic birds found this

place to be a pleasant refuge. The moose and caribou came down the mountainside to feed on the tender vegetation. All the difficulties which the winter had piled up melted away with the coming of summer. Ainsworth was able to leave the stream and work rapidly in the interior of the country; but rapid work did not bring success. Summer passed and winter came again, and no trace of the lost mine had been found.

Ainsworth was thoroughly discouraged with his ill luck, but the remembrance of all that Adams must have undergone in his ten years' search gave him fresh courage, and he resolved to stay another year. Next summer might bring success. Throughout the long winter he traversed the entire source of the creek, prospecting as he went, with only his faithful dogs as companions.

In the second summer he went still further into the interior of the country. Every place that seemed the least likely to be a hiding place for the mine was carefully examined. He began to wish that Adams had not hidden so completely all traces of his discovery. He was almost ready to give up in despair several times, but the remembrance of his home and his disappointed parents made him more determined to win success in his chosen life, to lessen their disappointment. The second summer was almost past, and no trace of the lost mine had been discovered. The descent of the caribou and moose from the mountains signified that winter was at hand.

One afternoon, just before the first snow began to fall, Ainsworth stood leaning against the tall hemlock which grew on an eminence of ground that gave one a very good view of the country for several miles around. A look of disappointment was on his strong face, and could his dogs have understood they would have realized that their master was making a great fight. On one side of the question loomed up Adams' labor and success; on the other his own failure. It seemed that he had made a losing fight, and in spite of his courage he could see little hope for the future. The mine was there, without a doubt, but he might search a lifetime and never find it, so effectually was it concealed.

The dogs attempted to draw him into a romp, but he was too despondent to play with them. So deeply lost in thought was he that he failed to notice that they had left him and had gone into the valley below. But e'er long he

heard a sharp bark. That aroused him from his reverie, and looking in the direction from which it came he saw a great moose coming up the slope toward him, with the dogs giving chase. Doubtless the creature had been wounded, for the dogs were gaining rapidly upon him. When the brave fellow saw that he could not escape he turned at bay. His great horns were lowered and woe to the dog that dared venture near him. Just when Ainsworth thought that he would see a fight worth witnessing, the earth gave way beneath the moose and he disappeared from sight.

The man, thoroughly aroused at last, hurried down the hillside. When he came to the place where he had last seen the wounded animal a great hole was discovered. The place seemed to have been undermined, and the great weight of the moose had broken it through.

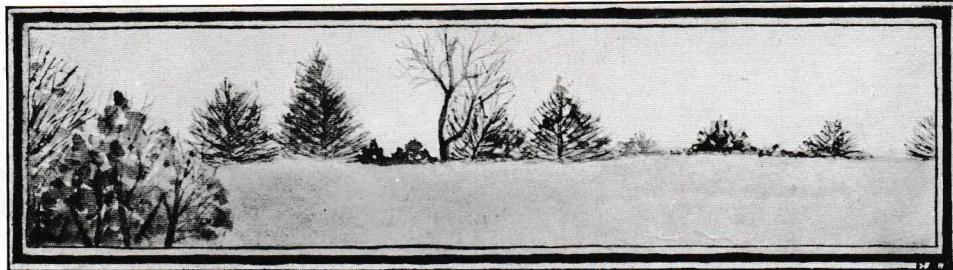
"I can't leave the poor fellow down there to starve," said he. "I wonder if I could devise some plan for getting him out? I'll try at any rate." He set to work and tore away the earth as far as it seemed to be undermined. Then he shovelled a great heap in on one side of the cave so that the moose could climb out, called his dogs, and started back up the hill. When he had gone some distance he turned and looked back. The giant form of the moose rose in the air at that minute and landed safely on the ground above. But the effort cost him his life. He looked around wildly, then dropped dead in his tracks, with the blood gushing from a recent wound.

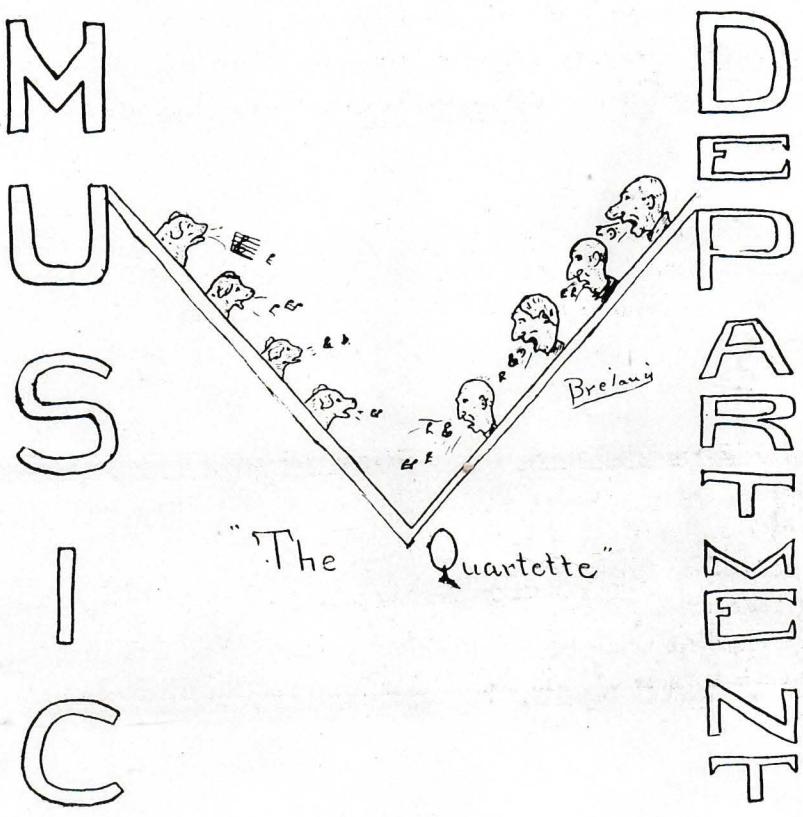
For the first time in two years Ainsworth forgot his mission in the region of The Great Unknown. He turned and hurried back to where the moose lay, but it was quite dead. The brave monarch of the mountains lay sleeping on his native heath. The man's heart went out in pity as he thought of the creature's death, and he knelt on the ground at its side. As he did so he noticed that a rock seemed to have gotten between the hoofs of one of the fore feet and he lifted the foot to examine it.

"I wonder how he managed to jump out with that in his foot? Brave old fellow!" As he ceased speaking, he took out his knife and removed the rock from between the hoofs. As he held it in his hand a great light flooded his countenance, for upon examination it proved to be a nugget of gold. He was

slow in comprehending, but finally he decided that it must have gotten in the foot while the moose was in the cave. With the aid of a ladder from his camp he was soon in the hole for the purpose of examining it closely. After a half hour's work he came out. In his hand were three nuggets of large size. His two years' work had been rewarded, for the lost mine was found at last.

If you should ever visit the great mine—the richest in Alaska—go to the top of a hill just north of The Great Unknown, at the place where work was first begun, and you will see a great block of granite which was found in the heart of the discovery. On this stone one word has been rudely carved, "Okeekan." Underneath it sleeps the giant moose, the real discoverer of the lost mine.

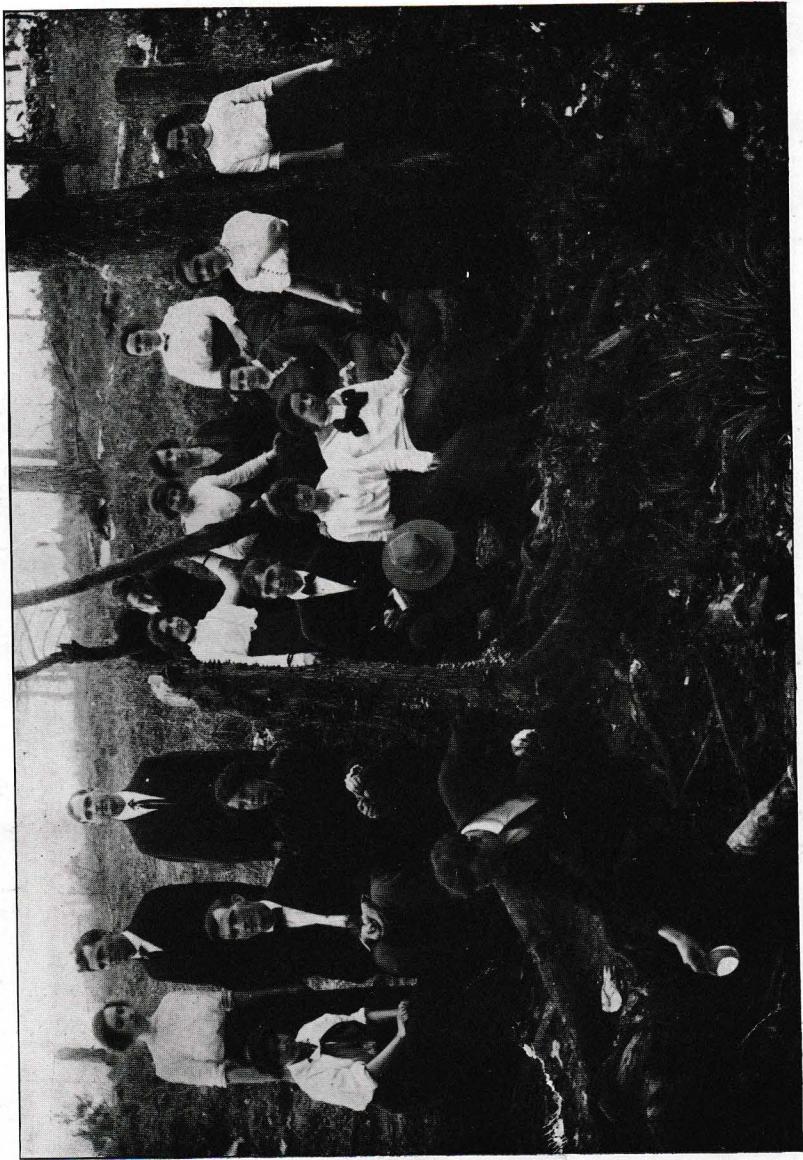




Music Department

Miss Lilla May Walton, our efficient piano instructor, has done splendid work among us this year, and we feel that we have both a tried and true friend to all that tends to the uplift of our department life. Her degree in piano, harmony and composition was conferred by Blue Mountain, and since her graduation there she has kept constantly at her chosen work under masters in New Orleans, Monteagle and Chicago. All through Miss Walton's work is the stamp of true genius.

Miss Lavinia Holland, our voice teacher, came to us after having enjoyed superb advantages, and the year proves that she took advantage of these advantages. She sings with the ease and grace of the morning lark on wing. Her method of teaching is splendid, and the great strides which the quartet boys have made testify to her worth. She has no set method which she attempts to fit each voice into. Her education has been broad enough to enable her to choose the method best suited to each individual voice.



CLASS IN MUSIC.

Piano Recital

BY

MISSES SUE DAVIDSON and MYRTLE WALTON,

ASSISTED BY

MISSES DESMA COLLIER, Reader, and VEVA FULTON, Soprano.

April 6, 1914.

1. Gavotte in D Major.....*J. S. Bach*
Miss WALTON
2. (a) Piece Romantique, Op. 9, No. 1.....*Chaminade*
(b) April, Op. 37, No. 4.....*Tschaikowsky*
Miss DAVIDSON
3. Darius Green and His Flying Machine.....
Miss COLLIER
4. (a) Moment Musicale }
(b) Impromptu, Op. 9 }.....*Schubert*
Miss WALTON
5. (a) Prelude, Op. 28, No. 4 }
(b) Prelude, Op. 28, No. 15 }.....*Chopin*
(c) Arabesque*Schumann*
Miss DAVIDSON
6. Little Pink Rose.....*Carrie Jacobs-Bond*
Miss FULTON
7. (a) Valse Lente.....*Schutt*
(b) Wedding Day.....*Grieg*
Miss WALTON

Piano Recital

GIVEN BY

MISSSES ELOISE RUSSELL and STELLA SHAMBURGER,

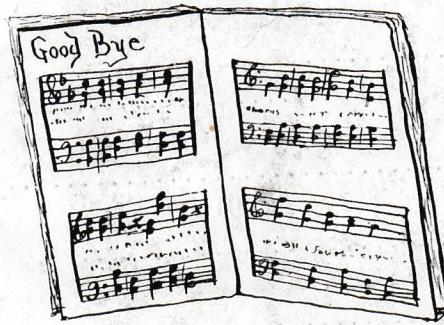
ASSISTED BY

MISS JEWEL ERVIN, Reader, and MR. J. F. EVANS, Baritone.

April 27, 1914.

1. Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14..... *Mendelssohn*
MISS SHAMBURGER
2. (a) Romanze *Mozart*
(b) Romanze, Op. 28, No. 2 *Schumann*
MISS RUSSELL
3. Mandy Lou..... *Cadman*
MR. EVANS
4. March Hongroise, Op. 13..... *Kowalski*
MISS SHAMBURGER
5. (a) Funeral March..... *Tschaikowsky*
(b) Hegre Kati..... *Hubay*
MISS RUSSELL
6. Reading *Selected*
MISS ERVIN
7. Polka de Concert..... *Baritell*
MISS RUSSELL
8. Duet—Hungary, Op. 410..... *Koelling*
MISSSES SHAMBURGER and RUSSELL

THE



END.

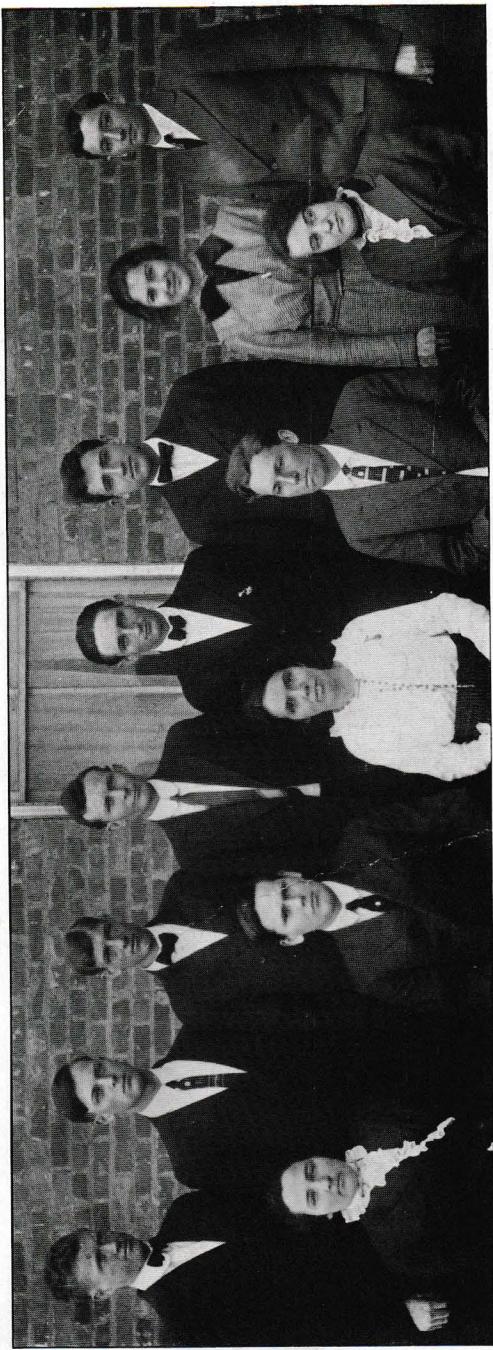
ART CLAS



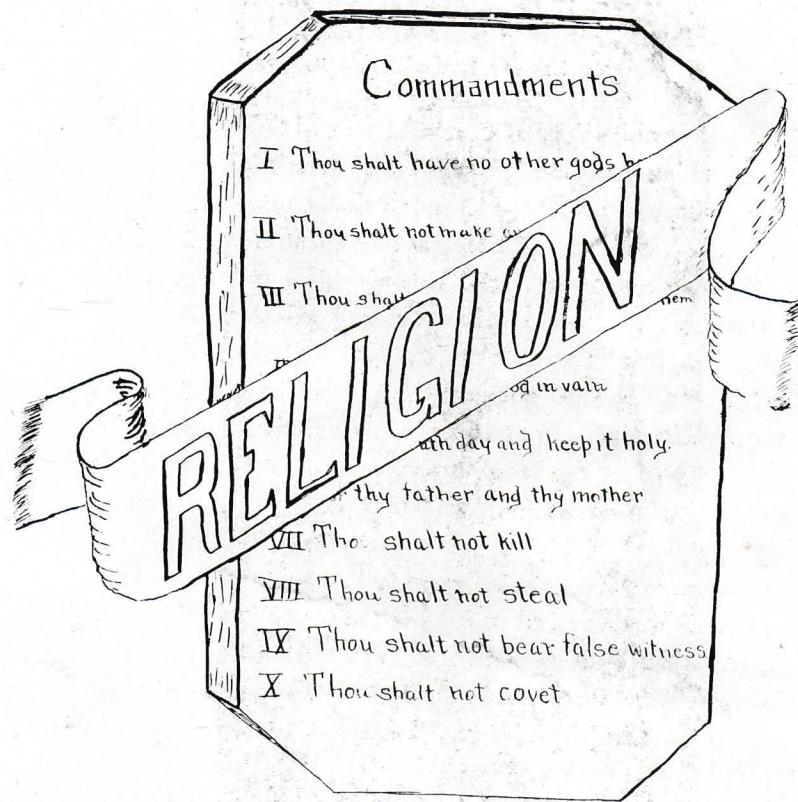
COMMERCIAL



DEPARTMENT



CLASS IN COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.



B. Y. P. U.

*"Blest be the chain that binds together
Youthful friendships that last forever.
Pupils, strive to make this chain,
Until you realize friendship's reign."*

One of the first organizations of Clarke Memorial College was a B. Y. P. U. The work of this union has been pleasant and beneficial to boys and girls. The interest continues to grow. Last session we were so fortunate as to have Mr. Flake, the B. Y. P. U. leader of the State, to spend a week with us teaching the Manual and lecturing on an A. L. Union. This was a new birth in the history of this B. Y. P. U. These invigorating talks were as seed sown in good ground, which is bringing forth fruit a hundred fold.

Many of the students have gone out and begun B. Y. P. U. work in the barren countries. The time demands trained Christian workers. If we win this land for Christ the young people must be trained for service. There is one thing greater than a saved soul, and that is a saved soul plus a life of service.

This year we have had a quarterly contest between the bands. This has trebled the number of members and each band strives to have the best program. New members, captains, and regular members count a respective number of points whether present or absent. At the end of the quarter the two winning bands are to be entertained by the two losing. The social feature is made worth while.

The Educational Department of the Union is given a great deal of stress. The Study Course Class is studying "The Doctrines of Our Faith," and only those who have given close study to this book know anything of its real interest and worth.

Y. W. A.

Although the history of Clarke Memorial is short, the history of its Y. W. A. is only two years younger than the oldest Auxiliary of the Southern Baptist Convention. The good that this Christian association, though only a babe, has done for the girls of Southeast Mississippi is inestimable.

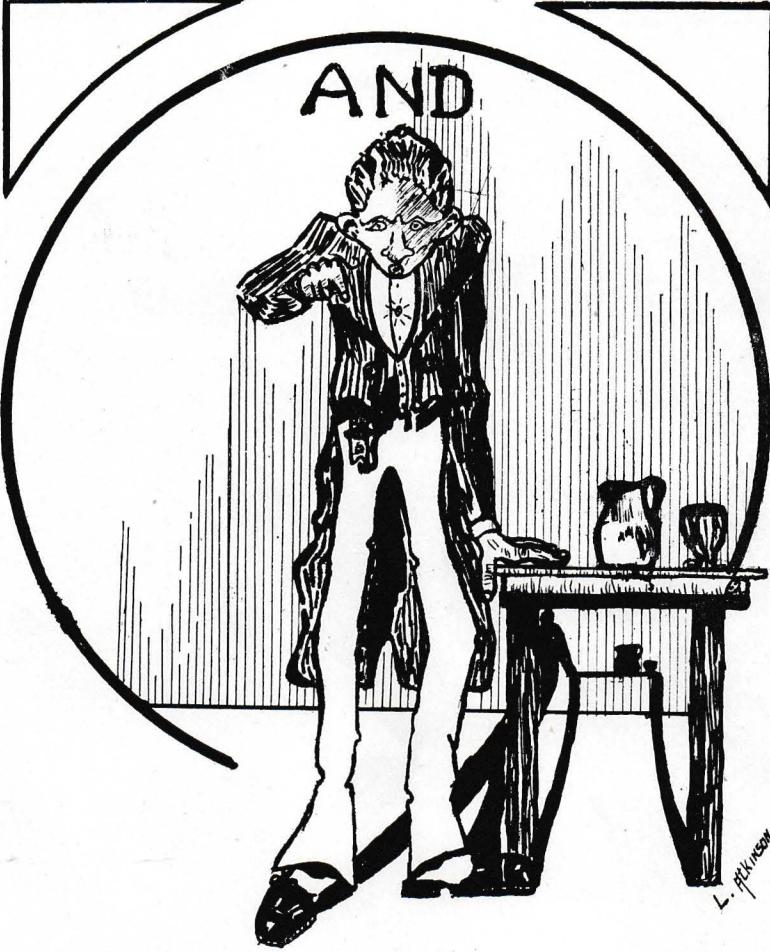
Its record may not be the highest, for the members in a large measure are girls who are working their way through school. But God's promises are great. He chooses the poor instead of the rich to do His work. The little fires are kindled here to blaze wherever we go.

At the beginning of this session, 1913-14, we lost our able leader, Mrs. M. P. Bush. This good woman had worked unceasingly to interest every girl who came here in Y. W. A. work. Her home and heart were ever open to us. After the loss of her, some of our most enthusiastic workers began work of their own, leaving only two of the old workers. The road has been rough. With less than a dozen girls at first we planned and prayed. The days looked dark for the college, but a Providential hand has placed it on a firm foundation. When the crisis came we were doubly blessed; our plans began to work, and not only did more of the dormitory girls enlist in the work, but several from the outside.

We are hard at work to make the Young Woman's Auxiliary one of the leading features in Clarke College. In connection with the program suggested in "Our Mission Field," we have two study classes. Each quarter we give a program for the benefit of the ministerial students. This not only helps them, but trains girls to speak for Christ and their suffering sisters.

"There are battles in life we only can fight,
And victories, too, to win,
And somebody else can not take our place,
When we shall have entered in;
But if somebody else has done our work,
While we, for our ease have striven,
'Twill only be fair if the blessed reward
To somebody else be given."

LITERACY



DEBATING

SOCIETIES

Euterpean Literary Society

COLORS: Orange and White.

FLOWER: Calla Lily.

MOTTO: To be rather than seem to be.

OFFICERS.

Maybell Spillyards.....	President
Veva Fulton.....	Vice-President
Thelma Ferguson.....	Secretary
Julia Ryan.....	Critic
Iris Thornhill.....	Chaplain



Euterpean Literary Society

No college is complete without the literary societies. There is a phase of college work that is not reached except through these organizations. The founder of Clarke Memorial College, realizing this, let the organization of literary societies be a first consideration.

During the first session of the college two literary societies were organized: The Phi Delta Kappa, under the control of the young ladies, and the Platonian, under the control of the young men.

At the beginning of the second session the societies were entirely too large to do effective work. Hence, the faculty wisely decided to organize two other societies, thinking that the competition would increase interest. Accordingly, the Euterpean Society was organized for young women and the Aurelian for young men. The name *Euterpean* means "Goddess of Love."

The object of our literary society is to develop each one so that she will be more competent to take up and share life's problems. To be able to think well and to speak well is the main object of our training.

Success lies in a well-trained mind, large intelligence, ability to think, and ability to express thoughts. What nobler thing can be done than that of increasing intelligence, training minds, and developing character?

Culture and self-control are acquired by doing the work outlined in the societies. Here students learn to meet opposition, accept defeat or success. The Euterpean has accomplished good in the past, but what it has done in the past is only an index to what it may do in the future. Judging by what it has accomplished in its short life, we feel sure it has begun upon a career of future usefulness.

Aurelian

COLORS: White and Blue.

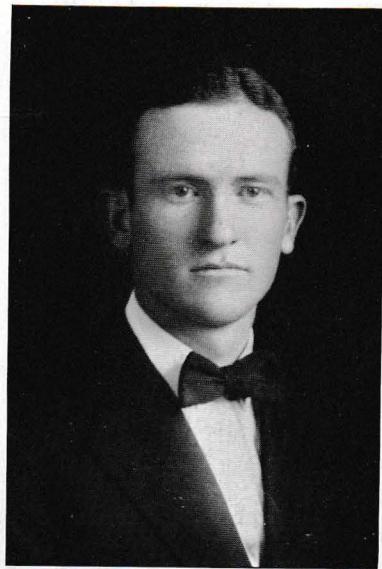
MOTTO: Knowledge, truth and virtue.

FLOWER: Daisy.

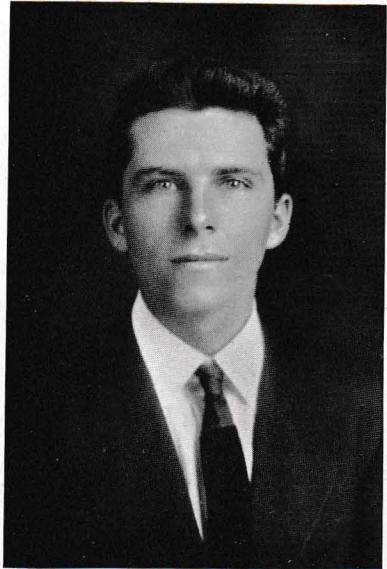
OFFICERS.

O. R. Mosley.....	President
T. H. Cole.....	Vice-President
T. F. Richardson.....	Secretary
J. R. Rooker.....	Critic
J. H. Hooks.....	Chaplain

Junior Debaters



DAN R. WARE.



A. L. FLURRY.



Platonian Literary Society

COLORS: Dark Blue and Gold.

MOTTO: To know, to be, and to help others to be.

OFFICERS.

H. E. Bishop.....	President
L. Bracie Campbell.....	Vice-President
J. H. Thompson.....	Secretary
William E. Hardy.....	Critic

ANNIVERSARY SPEAKERS.

L. Bracie Campbell.....	Anniversarian
W. O. Carter.....	First Orator
Herbert E. Bishop.....	Second Orator

AN APPRECIATION.

The Platonian Literary Society was organized in 1908, with Fred Dale as first President. It was the first literary society organized in Clark Memorial College. The society has ever been true to its motto. It has sent out one-third more graduates than any other society in college, and it was responsible for the launching of *The Clarke Collegian*.

Platonians have proved themselves masters in debate and effective in oratory. They are wielding an influence that will permeate every sphere of human activity. They are striving to raise the moral standard, to enforce the ethical code, and to spread the Christian spirit.

JOHN F. SANSING.



PLATONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.



PHI DELTA KAPPA SOCIETY.

Message from a Star

Bright star above yon steeple glowing,
What message dost thou bring tonight,
From azure dome of God's great temple,
Aglow with Nature's pulsing light?

Methinks I hear sweet voices whisper,
Yea, all is bright, then spake you true;
But there's no heart with eager pulses
Athrill for me as one for you.

Mine is a tale of isolation;
I live alone in an empty space;
No smiles e'er light my desolation,
On me no foot finds resting place.

One am I of the lonely millions
Who sail, always, an ether sea;
Lifeless beneath Almighty pinions,
Reft of all joys which to mortals be.

No throb of life on my bosom barren;
I'd gladly give my all of light
For one true heart of dauntless daring
To love this twinkling home tonight.

—TIMA NEWSOM.

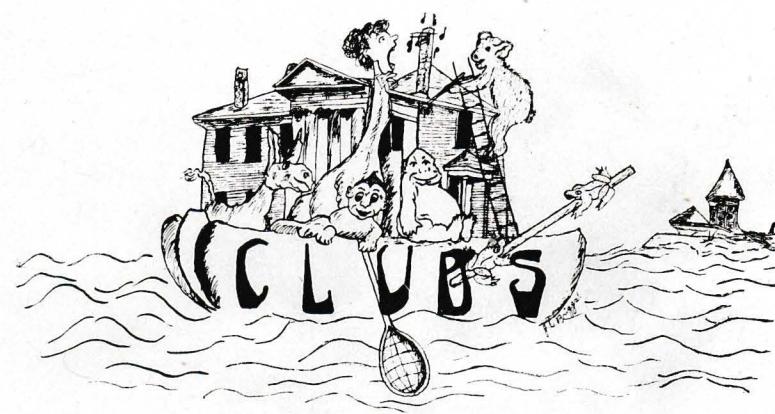
Platonian

We hail the day that gave thee birth,
Platonian!
We'll bear thy fame o'er all the earth,
Platonian!
And in the strength of thy fair name
We'll strive and struggle to maintain
The standard high which wrought thy fame,
Platonian!

Thy colors are in azure wrought,
Platonian!
And from the blushing sunset brought,
Platonian!
True as the blue of heaven's mold,
Fair as the gleam of morning gold,
Our love for thee we'll ever hold,
Platonian!

There is no other half so dear,
Platonian!
To thy strong sons who labor here,
Platonian!
And unto thee we plight the might
Of ardent souls that shrine the light
And battle for the deathless right,
Platonian!

Long as the breakers' splendors run,
Platonian!
Along the billows to the sun,
Platonian!
Thy deathless name shall honored be
In every land, on every sea,
And Courts of Pearl have joy in thee,
Platonian!





THE ROUNDERS.



Tennis Club

TENNIS.

The only game in which love counts nothing.

MOTTO: Raise a racket, but not the dust.

BY-WORD: The Deuce.

OFFICERS.

President.....	All Four of Us
Vice-President	Ditto
Secretary.....	The Same Man



COAST CLUB.



HUNGRY CLUB.



CHOCOLATE CLUB.



MASONIC CLUB.



NEWTON COUNTY CLUB.



CLARKE COLLEGE QUARTETTE.

Billiken Club

MOTTO: Smile and the world smiles with you.

SPECIALTY: Making miles of smiles from inches of frowns.

Let us laugh, always laugh;
For a jolly good laugh you know,
Will drive away care
And demolish his snare,
And bring sunshine where clouds used to blow.

OFFICERS.

Julia Ryan.....	President
Tima Newsom.....	Secretary
Jewel Ervin.....	Manager
Myrtle Walton.....	Manager

ROLL.

Mary Ruth Hoye	Warren Shamberger	Flora Miley
Mabel Sansing	Angie Baucum	Ora Mae Hardy
Jennie Briggs	Geneva Sansing	Stella Shamberger
Mamie Brand	Winnie Amos	Mattie Woodham
	Ellen Lott	

The Billikens

*"We look before and after"
And love the life that is.*

We are the seekers of sunshine, the chasers of shadow. We lay the scepter of command upon an opulent world and it yields us rich tribute of life, light, laughter and love. We are they who seek for the good in those we meet, and find it.

Among us we train detectives to trail the doers of deeds that are noble. Do but let us catch some one in an act of kindness and we thenceforth number that one among the children of light. We have evidence against many more than we have yet run down.

The future: We are going to bring to pass the dreams, materialize the visions, and fulfill the prophecies that all the good and pure and wise have made and had since man was man. How? By learning how happy you can be, and then helping you to be thus happy. We are after you! Look out! If you once but let us make of you a dispenser of sunshine, you must remain our friend forever.

We have no picture in this book because we do not desire to make the membership of any other club unhappy by the striking contrast which would be thus presented.

The Ups and Downs of '14 Life

KEYS TO HIGH LIFE.

"Far above the Rubies;
Well, that's going some high;
But a Hillman is high up,
So that makes a tie."

WARES FOR SALE?

Who'll buy today? Fine Wares I have.
Heart's-ease, May-bells, sweet Daisies—say!
Dan Cupid says if he owned Yards,
He'd Spill 'em all—and so he may!

HURRAH FOR CLARKE!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Nin-a cheers for Clarke!

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

In the days of now there lives a Prince,
A Black Prince, so I've heard;
But in Norman (die) there're no such hints
From any who value a kindly word.

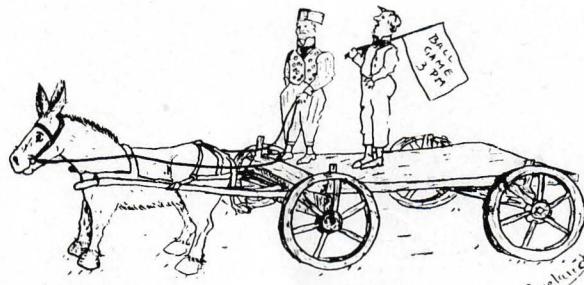
BONNIE SWEET BESSIE.

"A rolling stone gathers no Moss;"
Well, that's just the reason why
I've lingered so long with never a cross
Word to say to any passerby."

V. V.'S EYES.

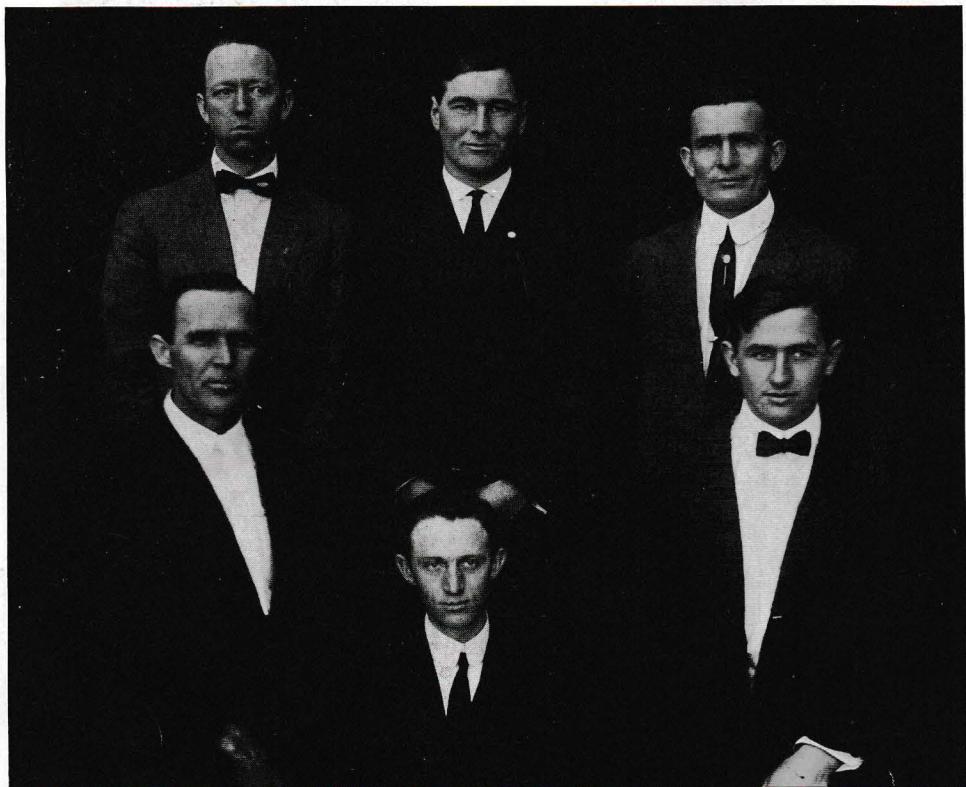
There are some who win by dint of toil;
There are some who win by stealth;
But the one who won me is the winning E. C.,
And V. V.'s eyes!—I drink to their wealth!

ATHLETIC.



"It Pays To Advertise"

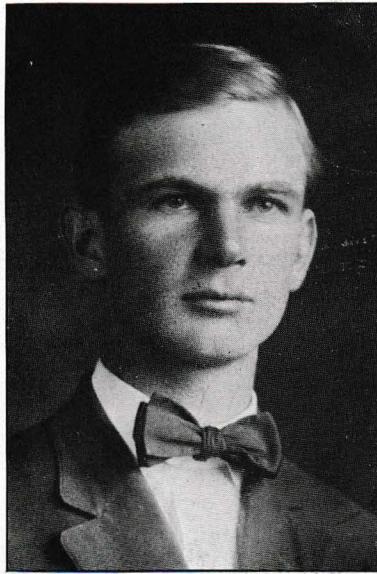
DEPARTMENT.



Athletic Council

PROF. C. D. JOHNSON.
JUBAL E. MOSS.

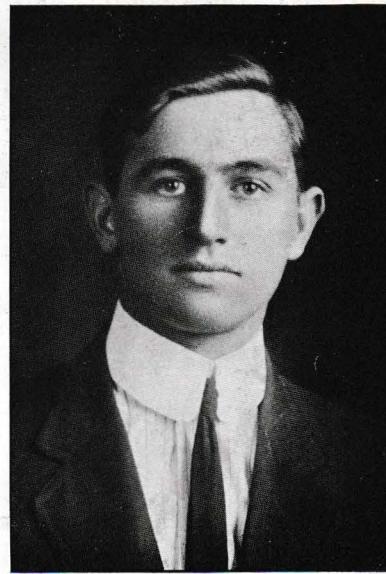
ELLIS C. BUCKLEY.
A. A. FLYNT.
JOHN F. SANSING.



J. ROY ROOKER, Editor.



MISS LURA WEST, Sponsor.

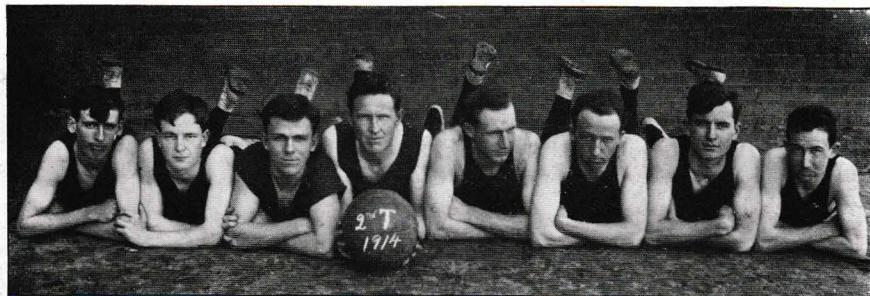


JUBAL E. MOSS, Manager

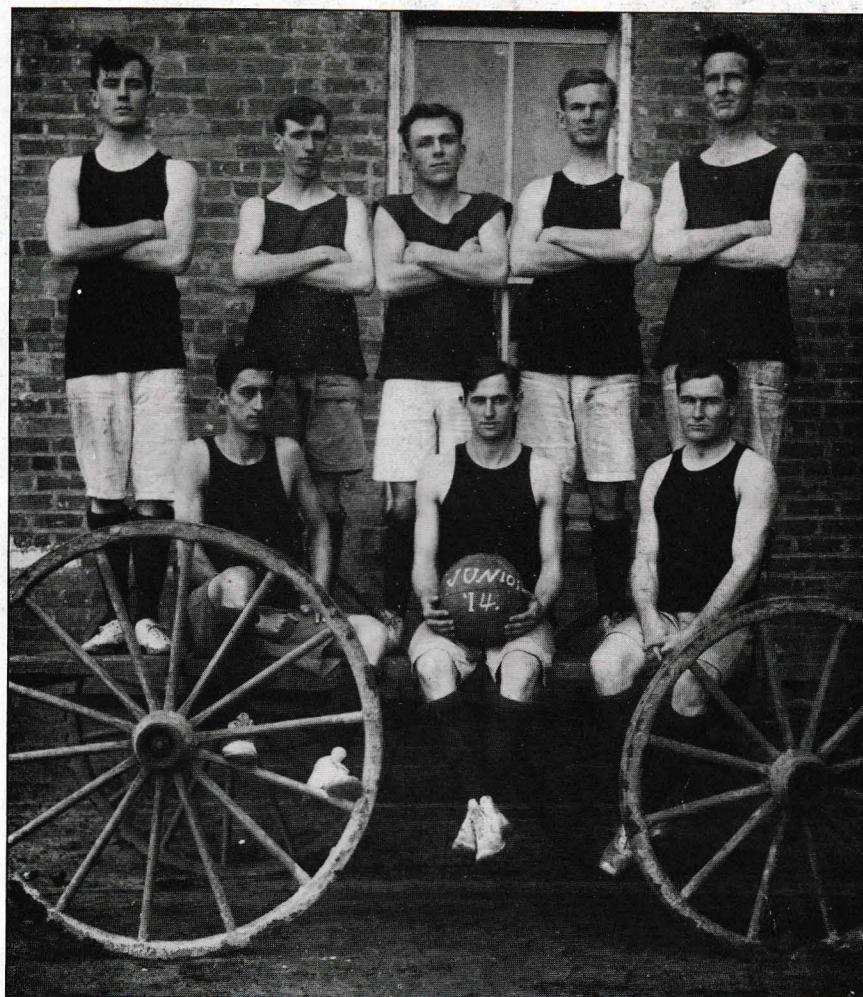


Varsity Basket Ball Team

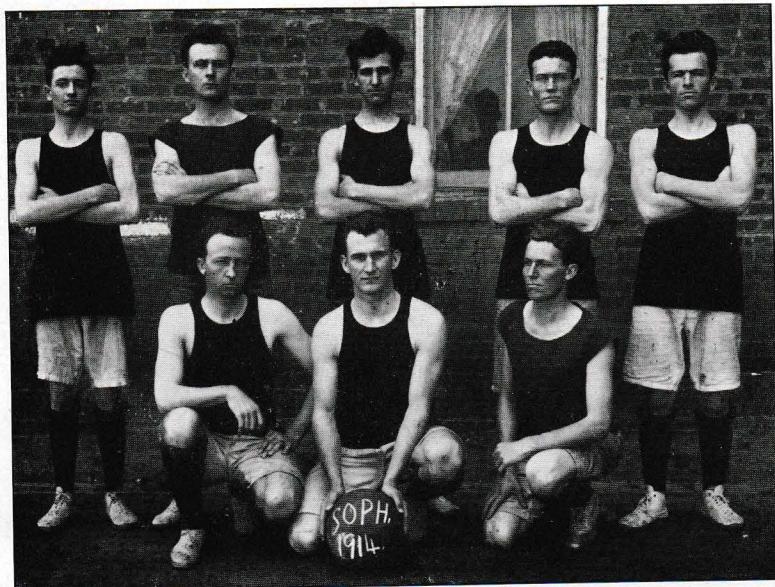
Captain.....	John Black
Manager.....	Jubal E. Moss
Jubal E. Moss.....	Left Forward
Jesse F. Evans.....	Center
Ellis C. Buckley.....	Right Forward
John Black.....	Left Guard
J. Roy Rooker.....	Right Guard
R. O. Richardson.....	Forward



SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM..



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM.



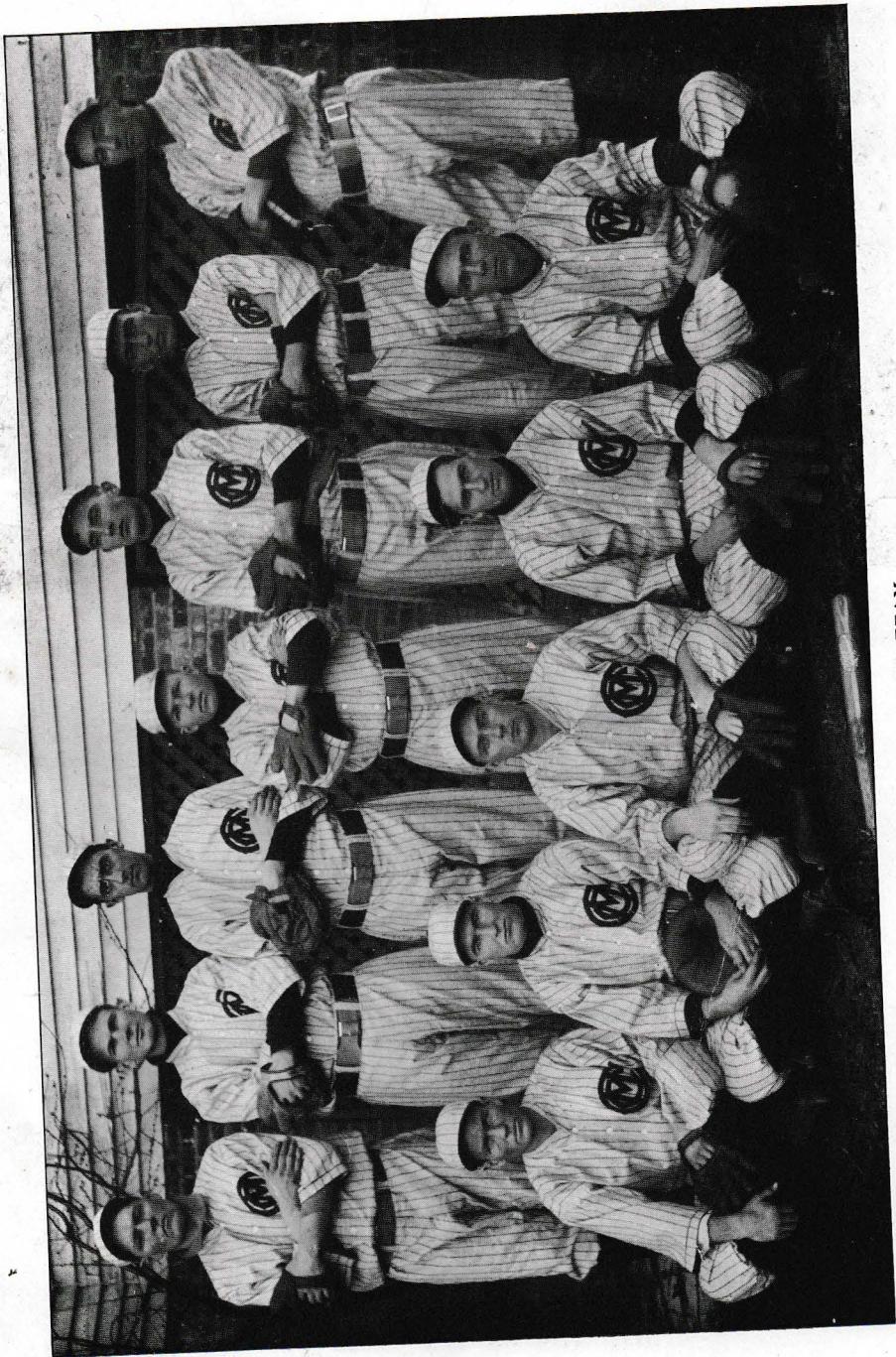
SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM.



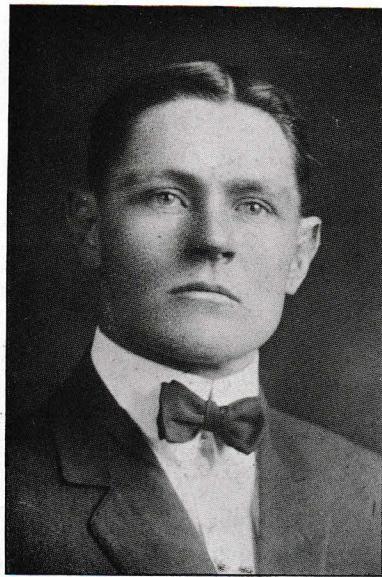
FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM.

The Baseball Lineup

Pitchers.....	Richardson and Sansing
Catcher	Miles
First Base.....	White
Second Base.....	Moss
Third Base.....	Gilbert
Shortstop	Richardson
Center Field.....	Black
Right Field.....	Hillman
Left Field.....	Rooker
Coach	Stringer
Sponsor.....	Miss Edith Pritchett
Maid of Honor.....	Miss Daisy Wells



BASEBALL TEAM.



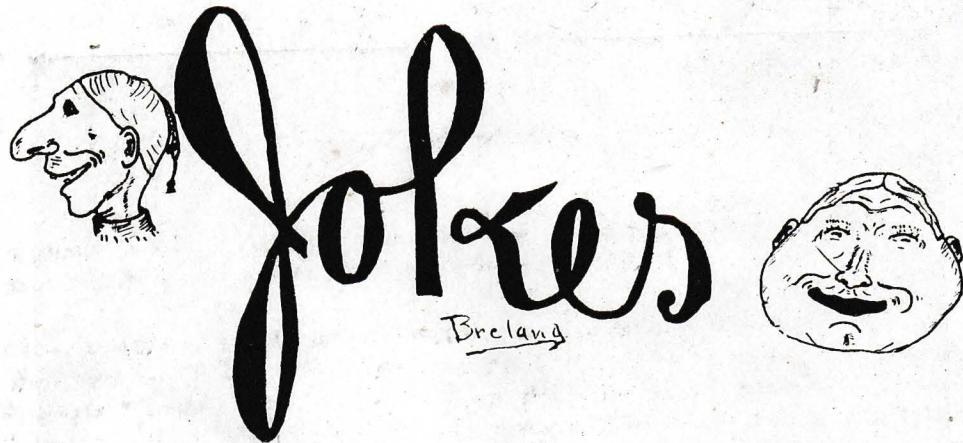
E. W. STRINGER, Coach.



MISS EDITH PRITCHETT, Sponsor.



MISS DAISY WELLS, Maid of Honor.



SOME FUNNY THINGS I'VE "HEARN."

By CLYDE LAMONT BRELAND, Jokesmith.

An infallible sign of coming spring: Campbell has a haircut.

After numerous attempts, Chisolm has decided that putting salt on a bird's tail is no small matter.

Tim says: "I love my books, but, better still, I love my Hooks."

Mosely says Edward's cow is hard to milk, and hard in her ability to kick. Mosely says he knows, for he has tried both in the dark.

Mosely: John, there is a man outside with a bill for you.

John Land: Tell him I have some already.

Clyde Breland: Buck, there's a bargain sale on down town. Spring suits are going cheap.

Ellis Buckley: Man, if spring suits were selling for two bits apiece, I would not be able to buy the armhole of a vest.

Professor Parkinson (in zoology): Mr. Bishop, what is a groundhog?

Herbert Bishop: Sausage, sir.

Washington Lee: If all the boys were just like me what sort of a place would this world be?

Nina Edmunds: I don't know, but I sure would hate to have to live here.

Red Granberry saw Josh Cole go by with Red's girl, and he said: "If that fellow's brain were turned into goose feathers there would not be enough to make a bedbug a pillow."

Turner says that if ignorance be bliss, Pace is the happiest man in the world.

Ferrill is rapidly qualifying for the ministry. He can lift a Shanghai hen off the limb of Chadwick's sycamore at midnight without the slightest noise.

Mr. Thompson was being sworn before the faculty as a witness in the case of Crocker vs. Hooks. Dr. Patterson commanded, "Hold up your right hand." Up went Thompson's left hand. "Right hand," sternly repeated Dr. Patterson. "Yes," said Thompson, "but my right hand is on the left arm."

Miss Lillie Mae Walton (in Sunday school class): Miss Julia, who was the strongest man that ever lived?

Julia Ryan: Jonah.

Miss Walton: Oh, no! You know better than that. The strongest man? You know it wasn't Jonah.

Julia: Yes, it was Jonah, too. The Bible plainly states that a whale tried to hold Jonah down and could not.

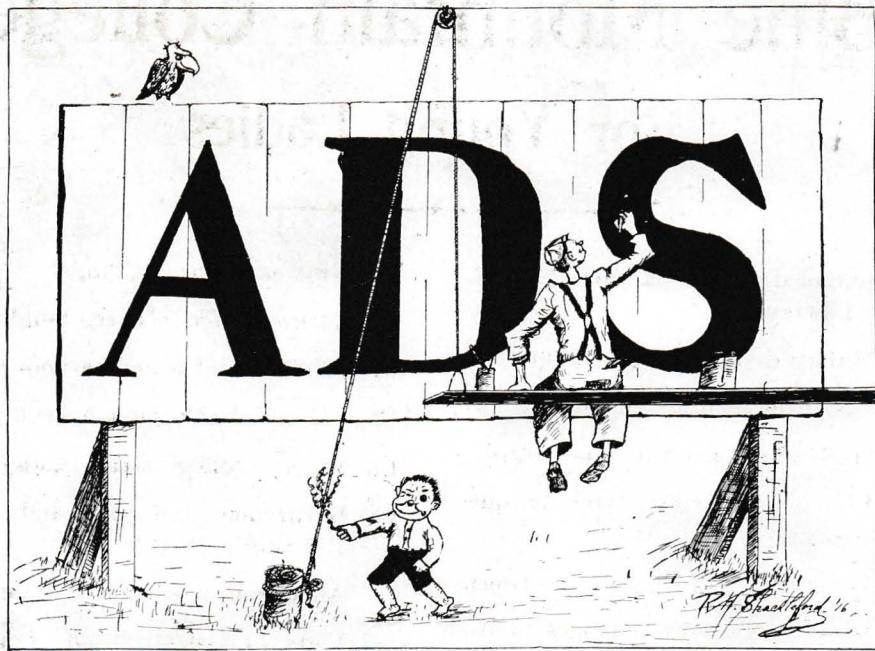
Ruby Keys (at supper table): I don't like these old fish one bit. They taste soggy, just like they had been wallowing in the water.

Flurry: Professor Parkinson, what is the main object of your life?

Prof. P.: Keeping the ducks off John Sansing's cabbage.

When "Judge" Flurry was at home for the holidays, the people of his home community were greatly frightened by the strange noise heard issuing from a certain swamp. After three days' search for some wild animal they discovered that it was only "Judge" practicing his debate against woman suffrage.

Nora Smith is a most proficient Latin student. She says that there is nothing like learning the principal parts of the verb *amo* in Professor Parkinson's parlor.



St. mont leak

\$250
AND UP

MOORE'S THE ORIGINAL
NON-LEAKABLE
FOUNTAIN PEN

FOR WOMEN

MOORE'S best meets the requirements of a fountain pen for women. She can carry it anywhere, in purse or bag, without fear of it leaking. It writes at the touch of pen to paper and there are no parts to unscrew when filling.

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Every part of every Moore's is unconditionally guaranteed.

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A COMPLETE PLANT WITH THE
"KNOW HOW" BEHIND IT.

Blue Mountain College

For Young Ladies

- 1. Founded 1873 by Gen. M. P. Lowrey.
- 2. Managed by his descendants.
- 3. Unbroken history of prosperity.
- 4. Highest elevation in Mississippi.
- 5. Free from malaria and mosquitoes.
- 6. Large, gushing, freestone springs.
- 7. Deep, inexhaustible mineral wells.
- 8. Excellent drainage and sewerage.
- 9. Large campus and Jersey farm.
- 10. Nine excellent buildings.
- 11. Covered walks between buildings.
- 12. 1,000 feet of broad verandas.
- 13. Electric lights, steam heat.
- 14. Private college steam laundry.
- 15. Bathrooms numerous and convenient.
- 16. All dormitories well screened.
- 17. Lady physician and trained nurse.
- 18. Wholesome food, homelike care.
- 19. Faculty of more than thirty cultured, experienced men and women.
- 20. Standard course, normal course, special courses under specialists.
- 21. Director of Music who had years of study under best of American teachers and three years under three of the Master Musicians of Europe.
- 22. Voice teacher vouched for by authorities equal to the highest.
- 23. Violin teacher extensively trained under best advantages in Boston.
- 24. Two famous expression teachers, excellent expression hall, large expression classes, enthusiastic expression spirit.
- 25. Up-to-date advantages in fine art, domestic art, domestic science and dressmaking.
- 26. Among the small mountains and fresh, gushing fountains of Northeast Mississippi, on N. O. M. & C. R. R., 31 miles south from Middleton, Tenn., 338 miles north from Mobile, Ala., 91 miles from Memphis.
- 27. We base our claims on merit. Find out whether or not we are worthy and trustworthy. If this is the best place for your daughter, send her to us for her sake.

W. T. LOWREY, LL.D., President,

LOWREY & BERRY, Managers.

Blue Mountain, Mississippi.

Mississippi College

Offers full courses leading to B.A., B.S., and M.A. degrees. Academic work and College department completely separated. A strong faculty and up-to-date equipment. Great improvements in progress on buildings and campus.

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